MISCELLANY
POEMS
UPON
Several Occasions:

Consisting of

Original Poems,

BY

The late Duke of *Buckingham*, Mr *Cowly*, Mr. *Milton*, Mr. *Prior*, Mrs. *Behn*, Mr. *Tho. Brown*, &c.

And the Translations from
Horace, *Persius*, *Petronius Arbiter*, &c.

WITH

An Essay upon Satyr,

By the Famous *M. DACIER.*

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The Epiſtle Dedicatory,

TO

Mr. *CARDELL GOODMAN.*

SIR,

THere *are a ſort of* Spleenatic, Ill-naturd *Gentlemen in the World, who are ſo very Critical upon* Dedications, *that if they find the Author touching never ſo lightly on the juſt Praiſe of his* Patron, *they preſently condemn him of* Flattery, *as if 'twere impoſſible that any Man of THIS Age cou'd deſerve a good Word. Among this number, I am ſorry to find the Ingenious Sir* George Mackenzie *in his Epiſtle to Mr.* Boyle, *becauſe I am confident if he had conſulted* Reaſon (*the ſubject of his Book*) *he muſt at leaſt have mollify'd the ſeverity of his Opinion, as I hope will appear from what I have here to ſay. This great* Name

has ſerv'd many of the ſmaller Critics, who build their Judgment, *and* Reputation *on Authority, as a ſafe Retreat againſt the Onſets of* Reaſon, *with which the Majority of them are at mortal odds. Theſe* Miſanthropes *are arriv'd to that extremity now, that they will not give a Man leave to diſcover his own private* Knowledg *of an other, if to his Advantage, under the unpleaſant Penalty of being receiv'd as a* ſervile, nauſeous Sycophant.

This Hazard, Sir, I muſt run, if I will declare in Public *what I know of thoſe excellent Accompliſhments, which render you ſo dear to all that are acquainted with you. Your* WIT, *and your* Courage *are things not to be mention'd, much leſs your* GENEROSITY, *that being a* Vertue *that never reſides alone. There are ſome Vertues that are Solitary, and like Hermits dwell in Deſerts, over-run with the* Wilds *of every* vicious Deformity *in Nature: But* GENEROSITY *is the King of Vertues, and never goes unattended, which makes me ſometimes fancy, 'tis the* Reſult *of all other Vertues, when they meet together; The* Harmony, *which proceeds from the* Active *Agreement of all the reſt. This I am ſure,——'tis the nobleſt Emotion of the Soul, and that which gives the moſt finiſhing, and viſible Stroaks to the*

Image

Image of our Maker. *Therefore theſe moroſe Gentlemen would never forgive me, if I ſhould tell the World, that you are* Generous *almoſt to a Fault (if 'twere poſſible that could be criminal in* Man, *for which alone all the World does, and ever has worſhip'd a* Deity) *tho' I know it to be true to the utmoſt Extent; becauſe that will make the conſidering part of Mankind conclude you adorn'd with all other Vertues, inſeparable Companions of this. They will never conſider the Reaſons I have to aver this,* viz. *my own Knowledg, and the Experience of ſeveral others. And tho' I urge, that I have found you* Generous *beyond the extravagance of Hopes, when the Bonds of* Nature, *the Laws of* Humanity, *and of* God himſelf, *could not obtain the leaſt regard from thoſe, who had not a little Reputation in the World for better Principles: Yet will they cry out I am a* FLATTERER, *if I expreſs my Gratitude to you in Print. Strange effects of a profligate Age, when ill Nature and profeſs'd Scandal, dreſs'd in a Politer ſort of* Billingſgate, *ſhall be ſufficient to eſtabliſh a Man's Fame (ſpite of all the moſt monſtrous abſurdities of the contexture) as a* Wit: *And the moſt deſerv'd* Praiſe *enough to ſtigmatize the Writer with* indeleble Infamy. *For if any* Bold Man *dare celebrate the Vertues of any one, they gaze upon*

him, and ſhake their Heads as if it were an impudent Impoſture, or at beſt a Prodigy as incredible as a circular Rainbow, or any other unuſual Phænomenon, *that there ſhould be any thing* Vertuous *and* Brave *in* OUR Age.

Not that I am ſo very fond of this Opinion, that Vertues *are in being at this time, and in the Practice of Men, as to take every* appearance *for a* Reality. *Nor do I admit a great many that paſs for mighty Lovers of Vertue, into that number; in particular, none of thoſe, that are fam'd for a noiſy Zeal in the controverted Points of Religion, which prompts an inconſidering Generation to cut one another's Throats, becauſe they can't agree in what themſelves allow* uncertain. *Nor thoſe, who with a* Preciſe Behaviour, *make an Oſtentatious Shew of being the moſt intimate Friends of God Almighty in Public, but ſhake Hands with the Devil in a corner with no little Ardor. Nor ſhall I grace with the noble Title of VERTUE, thoſe ſorts of* Religious Charities, *that have not the* Equitable *good of Mankind for their end, but only vain Glory in* particular Reputation. *I could name ſome, that are very forward in contributing largely to the Building any public Structure, which may commend their Names to Poſterity, as well as to the preſent time, but are inexorable to the neareſt*

Re-

Relations who ſeek for a private Aſſiſtance, tho' a Triſle would ſave a whole Family. That which affects the view of the World, is the Child of Pride, and is not at all to be valu'd by any conſidering Man; the other is the Off-ſpring of Vertue, having nothing but the good of another for its end, and yet it obtains generally a more laſting Fame, and eſpecially if it meet with Ability *and* Gratitude *to commend it to Poſterity, in a nobler way, than in* dead *Piles of Building.*

Tho' I deny all this to be Vertue, yet I can never be of their Mind, who exclude it intirely from Human Race, *ſince I am ſenſible 'tis to be found in a great many at this day, particularly in* your ſelf. *I am therefore of a much contrary Opinion, to thoſe* Man-haters *I have mention'd thoſe* Devotes *to Satyr (as they call it) for I have always thought it a far nobler Task to be converſant with the* Vertues *of Mankind, than with the* Vices; *and if Fiction muſt be made uſe of (as 'tis every day by our* Proſe-Satyriſts*) I am ſure 'tis more reaſonable to admire an Angel of our own forming, than to combat a Devil of ones own conjuring up; one gives us a greater, and juſter Idea of the nobleſt of God's Works, the other flyes in the face of* Providence, *and wou'd render that Being ridiculous, and contemptible, that was made by the Power and Wiſdom of*

INFINITY, and which God ſeems more than once to take no ſmall Pleaſure in.

The greateſt Patrons of Satyr, *I am ſure, cannot prove that it anſwers the End, they pretend, 'twas deſign'd for, viz. the* Reformation of Vice, *eſpecially that* Satyr, *which names Men, and tends to a perſonal abuſe. For inſtead of Reforming Vice it only gratifies the ill-nature of moſt, and that Criminal delight they have in hearing an other abus'd, without any influence on the* Manners *of thoſe it aims to Correct; unleſs it be to return the Author's with a Satyr of dry Baſtinade. The Minds of all men have ſomething, that is with more Modeſty conceal'd, than expos'd to view, as well as the Body; which* Satyr *is continually ſetting before the Eyes of the World; whilſt* Panegyric *draws a decent Veil over it.* Panegyric *paints* Vertue, *in its moſt taking Colours, and ſhews the more Beautiful parts of Mankind, whilſt Satyr is continually raking in the* Augean *Stable of its* Follies, *and* Vices. Panegyric *gives a Noble, and taking proſpect of* Virtue, *ſtirring up* Emulation, *in others, and a Caution in him that is* Prais'd, *not to be guilty of any thing contrary to the character the World has of him, that he may be thought really to deſerve it. Nor can I ever believe, but that* Virgils Æneis *have contributed more to the Progreſs of Vertue, than*

Horace's

Horace's Satyrs: *The firſt forming Noble images in the Mind, making it in Love with* Honor, *the laſt, at beſt expoſing but the deformity of ſome* Vice, or folly, *which when we avoid we ramble ſo in the dark by their directions, that we can never find out* Vertue, *and ſo may well fall into the contrary extream*; Satyr *only giving negative definitions of* Virtue, *like* Mr. Cowly's *of* Wit: *But in* Epic poſie *and* Panegyric *all goes in the* clear, *and* evident *affirmative, preſenting ſo exact a portraiture of* Vertue, *that you can't miſtake, or not know it at firſt ſight.*

But that which is moſt of all, Panegyric *has the effectual force* Satyr *pretends to, in chacing away* Vice *and* Folly, *by diſcovering the* Properties, *and* Beauties *of their contraries*; *and if it be plac'd on an undeſerving Subject, it carries as ſevere a Sting*: *For who is it that reads thoſe Verſes of* Lucan *upon* Nero, *but thinks them a ſevere* Satyr, *tho they bear the Face of* Praiſe——*for having reckond up the Miſchiefs of* Civil War, *he cries out*——

Quod ſi non aliam venturo fata Neroni
Invenere viam, magnoq; æterna parantur
Regna deis, coelumq; ſuo ſervire Tonanti
Non niſi ſævorum potuit poſt bella Gigantum:
Jam nihil o ſuperi querimur, ſcelera ipſa, nefaſq;

Hac

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Hac mercede placent, &c——
'Twould be to tedious too quote the reſt.

This I am ſure was the ſafeſt way of abuſing that Prince. An extravagant Praiſe of one, that merits nothing, is the moſt effectual of Satyrs. Panegyric *is like a Lawful, and Mild Prince, that wins obedience by Love: Whilſt* Satyr *like a* Tyrant *would force it by threats and ſervile fear; the firſt is the Nobleſt, as well as the ſureſt way. The Cuſtom of the* Lacedemonians *of making their Slaves drunk, to repreſent to their Youth the Folly and Odiouſneſs of that Vice, as it was proportion'd to the groſſneſs of their Genius, ſo it ſeems to have a likeneſs to* Satyr, *which pretends to put Vice out of Countenance, by expoſing it, which it generally does in ſuch terms, that it only pleaſes the vitiated Appetites of ſome with the lively deſcriptions of what they delight in. But* Panegyric, *like the Wiſer State of* Athens, *gives us* Examples, *and deſcriptions of Vertue, juſtly imagining, that, where thoſe Attractives, are no man can be drawn from* Beauty *to* Deformity. *'Twoud be too tedious to run this conſideration of the Preheminence of* Panegyrick *to* Satyr *any farther, having ſaid enough already (I hope) to ſatisfie any ſenſible man of the truth of what I aſſert.*

Ha-

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Having thus vindicated Panegyric *from the Odium it lies under, and plac'd it in its due rank, nothing could hinder me from attempting one on you, Sir, who ſo e'ry way deſerve it, but my* Inabilities, *which perſwade me to ſay nothing of that Excellence I value, ſince I am Conſcious that I cannot ſay enough, nor perform that* Task *with the Wit and Eloquence it requires.*

As to the Book Sir, I preſent you with, I am extreamly ſatisfy'd to know, that it is a Preſent worth your acceptance; for I may ſay that there has ſcarce been a Collection which viſited the World, with fewer trifling Verſes in it. I except my own, which I had the more encouragement to print now, ſince I had ſo good an opportunity of making ſo large an Attonement, with the Wit *of others for my own* Dulneſs, *and that I hope will chiefly excuſe them to you, as well as convince the World of the real Value I have for you, when it ſees me prefix your Name to no* Vulgar Book, *of my own Compoſing, but to one that ows its excellence to the generous contribution of my Friends of undoubted* Wit. Statius *in his Epiſtle dedicatory to* Stella, *ſeems to put his* Sylvæ *in balance with his* Thebaidos, *for their being the productions of a ſuddain Heat, or Inſpiration, the ſame is applicable to theſe; All, or moſt of them being writ when the Soul was in tune, and not by a* Mercenary End, *forc'd upon a task,*

a task, it was not at all diſpos'd to. Beſides which, they have moſt had the advantage of good Judgments to prune the Luxuriancy of a flowing Fancy, which Statius *would not give himſelf the trouble of. This Book I may therefore ſay (without any ſelf-eſteem) will (if any thing in Poetry have perpetuity) convey* your Name *to poſterity, and with it the Teſtimony—— how great a value I put upon your Worth, and how much I am Sir, without reſerve,*

Your humble Servant

Charles Gildon.

A N

AN
Eſſay upon Satyr,
FROM
M. DACIER.

EXpecting ſeveral Satyrs for this Collection more than I met with, I deſigned an Eſſay upon Satyr, as to its Etymology, Progreſs, and Vertues, with a ſhort Examen of what we have had publiſh'd in *Engliſh*, in that Nature, and finally a Collation of that with the Ancient; believing a Diſcourſe on that Subject would not be ungrateful to the Ingenious, as being both New, and Curious; which made me promiſe my

my Bookſeller to attempt it: But finding my ſelf diſappointed in my Expectations, I was of Opinion ſuch an Eſſay would not be altogether ſo proper: But to make the Bookſeller a large Amends (and to gratify the Town with an agreeable Entertainment) I got, of a very Ingenious Friend of Mine, this Preface of *M. Dacier*, to the ſixth Tome of *Horace*, which tho it be not of that extent, as to take in all the Points I deſign'd to treat of, yet *Horace* being now in that juſt Eſteem he deſerves, I thought I could not better gratify his Admirers, than to let our Engliſh World ſee thoſe hidden Beauties of this great Poet, diſcover'd by *M. Dacier*, with no leſs Wit, than Judgment.

The Preface of M. Dacier.

HOrace entitles his two Books of Satyrs indifferently, *Sermones*, and *Satyræ*; And ſince theſe two Names give different Ideas; for certain Reaſons it is neceſſary to explain what the *Latins* underſtood by the Word

Word *Satyr*. The Learned *Caſaubon* is the firſt, and only Man that has with Succeſs attempted to ſhew what was the *Satyrical Poeſie* of the *Greeks*, and the *Satyr* of the *Romans*. His Book is an ineſtimable Treaſure, and I confeſs I have had great Helps from it; which is the uſe we ought to make of the Works of thoſe extraordinary Men, who have only gone before us to be our Guides, and ſerve us as Torches in the thick Darkneſs of Antiquity. But you muſt not have your Eyes ſo continually fixt on them, as not to regard whither they lead you; for they deviate ſometimes into Paths, where you cannot ſafely follow them. This Rule I my ſelf have obſerv'd, in forſaking my Guides, and paſt that Way which no Body before me has done, as the following Diſcourſe will convince you.

Satyr is a kind of Poeſie, only known to the *Romans*, being not at all related to the *Satyrical Poeſie* of the *Greeks*, as ſome learned Men have pretended. *Quintilian* leaves us no Doubt upon this Point, when he writes in Chap. 10. *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt.* The ſame Reaſon makes *Horace* call it in the laſt Satyr of Book 1. *Græcis intactum Carmen.* The Natural and true Etymology is this: The *Latins* called it *SATUR, quaſi plenum*, to which there was nothing

nothing wanting for its Perfection. Thus *Satur color*, when the Wool has taken a good Dye, and nothing can be added to the Perfection of it. From *Satur* they have made *Satura*, which they wrote ſometimes with an *i*, *Satira*; They uſed in other Words, the ſame Variation of the Letter *u* into *i*, as in *Maxumus*, *Maximus*, *optumus*, *optimus*. *Satura*, is an *Adjective*, which has reference to a Subſtantive underſtood; for the Ancient *Romans* ſaid *Saturam*, underſtanding *Lancem*. And *Satura Lanx*, was properly a Baſon fill'd with all ſorts of Fruit, which they offer'd every Year to *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*, as the Firſt Fruits of all they had gathered. Theſe Offerings of different things mixt together, were not unknown to the *Greeks*, who call'd 'em παναρπὴν θυσίαν, *a Sacrifice of all ſorts of Fruit*, πανσπερμίαν & πανσπλίαν, *an Offering of all ſorts of Grain*, when they offer'd Potherbs. The Grammarian *Diomedes* has perfectly deſcrib'd both the Cuſtom of the *Romans*, and the Word *Satura*, in this Paſſage *Lanx referta variis multiſq; primitiis, ſacris* Cereris *inferebatur, & a copia & Saturitate rei,* Satura *vocabatur: cujus generis lancium &* Virgilius *in* Georgicis *meminit, cum hoc modo dicit,*

Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta,
and——*lanceſq; & liba feremus.* From

From thence the Word *Satura* was apply'd to many other Mixtures, as in *Feſtus: Satira cibi genus, ex variis rebus conditum.* From hence it paſt to the Works of the Mind; for they call'd ſome Laws *Leges Saturas*, which contain'd many Heads, or Titles, as the *Julian*, *Papian* and *Popean Laws*, which were called *Miſcellas*, which is of the ſame Signification with *Satura*: From hence aroſe this Phraſe, *Per Saturam legem ferre*, when the Senate made a Law, without gathering, and counting the Votes in haſte, and confuſedly all together, which was properly call'd, *Per Saturam ſententias exquirere*, as *Saluſt* has it after *Lelius*. But they reſted not here, but gave this Name to certain Books, as *Peſcennius Feſtus*, whoſe Hiſtories were call'd *Saturas*, or *per Saturam*. From all theſe Examples, 'tis not hard to ſuppoſe, that theſe Works of *Horace* took from hence their Name, and that they were call'd, *Saturæ quia multis & variis rebus hoc carmen refertum eſt*, becauſe *theſe Poems are full of a great many different Things*, as *Porphyrius* ſays, which is partly true. But it muſt not be thought it is immediately from thence; for this Name had been uſed before for other things, which bore a nearer reſemblance to the Satyrs of *Horace*; in explanation of which a Method is to be follow'd, which *Caſaubon*

himſelf never thought of, and which will put things in ſo clear a Light, that there can be no Place left for Doubt.

The *Romans* having been almoſt four hundred Years without any *Scenical Plays*, Chance and Debauchery made them find in one of their *Feaſts* the *Saturnian*, and *Feſcennine* Verſes, which for ſix ſcore Years they had inſtead of *Dramatic Pieces*. But theſe Verſes were rude, and almoſt without any Numbers, as being made *extempore*, and by a People, as yet but barbarous, who had little other Skill, than what flow'd from their Joy, and the Fumes of Wine. They were filled with the groſſeſt ſort of Raileries, and attended with Geſtures and Dances. To have a livelier Idea of this, you need but reflect upon the honeſt *Peaſants*, whoſe clownish Dances are attended with *extempore* Verſes, in which, in a wretched manner they jeer one another, with all they know. To this *Horace* refers in the firſt Epiſtle of his ſecond Book,

Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem,
Verſibus alternis opprobia ruſtica fudit.

This Licentious and Irregular Verſe, was ſucceeded by a ſort more correct, filled with a pleaſant Railery, without the Mixture of any thing ſcurrilous, and theſe obtain'd the Name of Satyrs, by reaſon of their Variety, and had regulated

regulated Forms, that is, regular Dances, and Muſic, but undecent Poſtures were baniſh'd. *Titus Livius* has it in his ſeventh Book. *Vernaculis artificibus, quia* Hiſter *Tuſco verbo* Ludio *vocabatur, nomen Hiſtrionibus inditum, qui non ſicut ante Feſcennino verſu ſimilem compoſitum temere, ac rudem alternis jaciebant; ſed impletas modis Satiras, deſcripto jam ad Tibicinem cantu, motuſq; congruenti peragebant.* Theſe Satyrs were properly honeſt Farces, in which the Spectators and Actors were rallied without Diſtinction.

Livius Andronicus found things in this poſture, when he firſt undertook to make Comedies, and Tragedies in Imitation of the *Grecians.* This Diverſion appearing more noble, and perfect, they run to it in Multitudes, neglecting the Satyrs for ſome time, though they receiv'd them a little after; and ſome model'd them into a purpos'd Form to act at the end of their Comedies, as the French act their Farces now. And then they alter'd their Name of Satyrs for that of *Exodia*, which they preſerve to this day. This was the firſt and moſt ancient kind of *Roman* Satyr. There are two other ſorts, which tho' very different from this firſt, yet both owe their Birth to this, and are, as it were, Branches of it. This I ſhall prove the moſt ſuccinctly I can.

A Year after *Livius Andronicus* had caus'd his firſt Efforts to be Acted, *Italy* gave birth to *Ennius*, who being grown up, and having all the leiſure in the World to obſerve the eager Satisfaction with which the *Romans* receiv'd the Satyrs, of which I have already ſpoke, was of Opinion, that Poems, tho' not adapted to the *Theatre*, yet preſerving the *Gaul* the *Railings* and Pleaſantneſs, which made theſe Satyrs take with ſo much Applauſe, would not fail of being well receiv'd; he therefore ventur'd at it, and compos'd ſeveral Diſcourſes to which he retain'd the name of *Satyrs*. Theſe Diſcourſes were entirely like thoſe of *Horace*, both for the Matter and the Variety. The only eſſential difference, that is obſervable, is that *Ennius*, in Imitation of ſome *Greeks*, and of *Homer* himſelf, took the liberty of mixing ſeveral kinds of Verſes together, as *Hexameters*, *Iambics*, *Trimeters*, with *Tetrimeters*, *Trochaics* or *Square* Verſe; as it appears from the Fragments which are left us. Theſe following Verſes are of the *Square* kind, which *Aullus Gellius* has preſerv'd us, and which very well merit a place here for the Beauty they contain:

Hoc erit tibi Argumentum ſemper in promptu ſitum,
Ne quid expectes Amicos, quod tute agere poſſies.

I attri-

I attribute alſo to theſe Satyrs of *Ennius* theſe other kinds of Verſes, which are of a Beauty, and Elegance, much above the Age in which they were made; nor will the ſight of 'em here be unpleaſant.

Non habeo deniq; nauci Marſum Augurem,
Non vicanos aruſpices, non de Circo Aſtrologos,
Non Iſiacos Conjectores, *non Interpretes Hominum:*
Non enim ſunt ij aut Scientia, aut Arte Divini;
Sed Superſtitioſi vates, Impudenteſq; harioli,
Aut inertes, aut inſani, aut quibus egeſtas Imperat:
Qui ſui queſtus cauſſa fictas ſuſcitant ſententias,
Qui ſibi ſemitam non ſapiunt, alteri monſtrant viam,
Quibus devitias pollicentur, ab ijs Drachmam petunt,
De devitijs deducant Drachmam, reddant cætera.

Horace has borrow'd ſeveral things from theſe Satyrs. After *Ennius* came *Pacuvius*, who alſo writ Satyrs in Imitation of his Uncle *Ennius*.

Lucilius was born in the time when *Pacuvius* was in moſt Reputation. He alſo wrote Satyrs. But he gave 'm a new turn, and endeavoured to imitate, as near as he could,

the Character of the old *Greek* Comedy, of which we had but a very imperfect *Idea* in the ancient *Roman* Satyr, and ſuch, as one might find in a Poem, which Nature alone had dictated before the *Romans* had thought of imitating the *Grecians*, and enriching themſelves with their Spoils. 'Tis thus you muſt underſtand this Paſſage of the firſt Satyr of the ſecond Book of *Horace*,

——*Quid, cum eſt Lucilius auſus,*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem?

Horace never intended by this to ſay, That there were no Satyrs before *Lucilius*, becauſe *Ennius* and *Pacuvius* were before him, whoſe Example he followed: He only would have it underſtood, That *Lucilius* having given a new Turn to this Poem, and embelliſhed it, ought by way of Excellence to be eſteemed the firſt Author. *Quintilian* had the ſame Thought, when he writ, in the firſt Chapther of the tenth Book *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua primus inſignem laudem adeptus eſt* Lucilius. You muſt not therefore be of the Opinion of *Caſaubon*, who building on the Judgment of *Diomedes*, thought that the Satyr of *Ennius*, and that of *Lucilius* were entirely different: Theſe are the very Words of this Grammarian, which have deceived this Judicious Critick. *Satira eſt Carmen apud* Romanos, *non quidem apud* Græcos *maledicum, ad carpenda hominum vitia, Archaæ Comœdiæ charactere compoſitum, quale ſcripſerunt* Lucilius & Horatius, & Perſius. *Sed olim*

olim Carmen quod ex variis Poematibus conſtabat, Satira dicebatur, quale ſcripſerunt Pacuvius & Ennius. You may ſee plainly that *Diomedes* diſtinguiſhes the Satyr of *Lucilius*, from that of *Ennius*, and *Pacuvius*; the reaſon which he gives for this Diſtinction, is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe: The good Man had not examin'd the Nature and Origin of theſe two Satyrs, which were entirely like one another, both in Matter and Form, for *Lucilius* added to it only a little Politeneſs, and more Salt, almoſt without changing any thing: And if he did not put together ſeveral Sorts of Verſe in the ſame Piece, as *Ennius* has done, yet he made ſeveral Pieces, of which ſome were entirely *Hexameters*, others entirely *Iambics*, and others *Trochaic*'s, as is evident from his Fragments. In ſhort, if the Satyrs of *Lucilius* differ from theſe of *Ennius*, becauſe the former has added much to the Endeavours of the latter, as *Caſaubon* has pretended, it will follow from thence, that thoſe of *Horace*, and thoſe of *Lucilius*, are alſo entirely different, for *Horace* has no leſs refin'd on the Satyrs of *Lucilius*, than he on thoſe of *Ennius*, and *Pacuvius*. This Paſſage of *Diomedes* has alſo deceiv'd *Douſa* the Son. I ſay not this to expoſe ſome Light Faults of theſe great Men, but only to ſhew, with what Exactneſs, and with what Caution their Works muſt be read, when they treat of any thing ſo Obſcure, and ſo ancient.

I have made appear what was the Ancient Satyr, that was made for the *Theatre*; I have ſhewn, That that gave the Idea of the Satyr of *Ennius*: And, in fine, I have ſufficiently prov'd, that the Satyrs of *Ennius*, and *Pacuvius*; of *Lucilius*, and *Horace*, are but one kind of Poem, which has received its Perfection from the laſt. 'Tis Time now to ſpeak of the

ſecond kind of Satyr, which I promiſed to explain, and which is alſo derived from the Ancient Satyr; 'tis that which we call *Varronian*, or the Satyr of *Menippus*, the Cinic Philoſopher.

This Satyr was not only compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of Verſe, but *Varro* added Proſe to it, and made a Mixture of *Greek* and *Latin*. *Quintilian*, after he had ſpoke of the Satyr of *Lucilius*, adds, *Alterum illud eſt, & prius Satiræ genus, quod non ſola Carminum varietate miſtum condidit* Terentius Varro, *vir Romanorum Eruditiſſimus*. The only Difficulty of this Paſſage is, that *Quintilian* aſſures us, that this Satyr of *Varro* was the firſt, for how could that be, ſince *Varro* was a great while after *Lucilius*? *Quintilian* meant not that the Satyr of *Varro* was the firſt in Order of Time, for he knew well enough, that in that reſpect he was the laſt: But he would give us to underſtand, that this kind of *Satyr*, ſo mixt, was more like the *Satyr* of *Ennius*, and *Pacuvius*, who gave themſelves a greater Liberty in this Compoſition, than *Lucilius*, who was more ſevere, and correct.

We have now only ſome Fragments left of the Satyr of *Varro*, and thoſe generally very imperfect; the Titles, which are moſt commonly double, ſhew the great Variety of Subjects, of which *Varro* treated.

Seneca's Book on the Death of *Claudius*, *Boetius*, his *Conſolation of Philoſophy*, and that of *Petronius Arbiter*, are Satyrs entirely like thoſe of *Varro*.

This is what I have in general to ſay on *Satyr*; nor is it neceſſary I inſiſt any more on this Subject. This the Reader may obſerve, that the Name of *Satyr* in Latin, is not leſs proper for Diſcourſes, that

that recommend Vertue, than to thoſe which are deſign'd againſt Vice. It had nothing ſo formidable in it, as it has now, when a bare Mention of Satyr makes them tremble, who would fain ſeem what they are not, for Satyr, with us, ſignifies the ſame thing, as *expoſing*, or *laſhing* of ſome thing, or Perſon: Yet this different Acceptation alters not the Word, which is always the ſame; but the *Latins* in the Titles of their Books, have often had regard only to the Word, in the extent of its Signification, founded on its Etymology, whereas we have had reſpect only to the firſt, and general Uſe, which has been made of it in the beginning to *mock*, and *deride*; yet this Word ought always to be writ in *Latin* with an (*u*) or (*i*) *Satura*, or *Satira*, and in Engliſh by an (*i*) thoſe who have wrote it with a (*y*) thought with *Scaliger*, *Heinſius*, and a great many others, that the Divinities of the Groves, which the *Grecians* call'd *Satyrs*, the *Romans Fawns*, gave their Names to theſe Pieces; and that of the Word *Satyrus* they had made *Satyra*, and that theſe Satyrs had a great affinity with the Satyric Pieces of the *Greeks*, which is abſolutely falſe, as *Caſaubon* has very well prov'd it, in making it appear, That of the Word *Satyrus* they could never make *Satyra*, but *Satyrica*: And in ſhewing the Difference betwixt the Satyric Poems of the *Greeks*, and the *Roman* Satyrs. Mr. *Spanheim*, in his fine Preface to the *Caſars*, concerning the Emperor *Julian*, has added new Reflections to thoſe which this Judicious Critic had advanced; and he has eſtabliſh'd, with a great deal of Judgment, five, or ſix eſſential Differences, between thoſe two Poems, which you may find in his Book. The *Greeks* had never any thing that came near this Roman

man Satyr, but their *Silli* [σίλλοι] which were also biting Poems, as they may easily be perceived to be yet, by some Fragments of the *Silli* of *Timon*. There was however this Difference, That the *Silli* of the Greeks were *Parodious*, from one End to the other, which cannot be said of the *Roman* Satyrs; where, if sometimes you find some *Parodia's*, you may plainly see that the Poet did not design to affect it, and by consequence the *Parodia's* do not make the Essence of a Satyr, as they do the Essence of the *Silli*.

Having explain'd the Nature, Origin and Progress of *Satyr*, I'll now say a Word, or two of *Horace* in particular.

There cannot be a more just Idea given of this part of his Works, than in comparing them to the Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcibiades* in the Banquet, compares *Socrates*. They were Figures, that without had nothing agreeable, or beautiful, but when you took the Pains to open them, you found the Figures of all the Gods. In the manner that *Horace* presents himself to us in his Satyrs, we discover nothing of him at first, that deserves our Attachment. He seems to be fitter to amuse Children than to employ the Thoughts of Men; but when we remove that, which hides him from our Eyes, and view him even to the Bottom, we find in him all the Gods together; that is to say, all those Vertues, which ought to be the continual Practice of such as seriously endeavour to forsake their Vices.

Hitherto we have been content to see only his out-side, and 'tis a strange thing, that Satyrs, which have been read so long, have been so little understood, or explain'd: They have made a Halt at the out-side,

out-ſide, and were wholly buſi'd in giving the interpretation of Words. They have commented upon him like Grammarians, not Philoſophers; as if *Horace* had writ meerly to have his Language underſtood, and rather to divert, than inſtruct us. That is not the End of this Work of his. The end of any Diſcourſe is the Action for which that Diſcourſe is compos'd; when it produces no Action, 'tis only a vain amuſement, which idly tickles the Ear, without ever reaching the Heart.

In theſe two Books of his Satyrs, *Horace* would teach us, *to conquer our Vices, to rule our Paſſions, to follow Nature, to limit our Deſires, to diſtinguiſh True from Falſe, and Ideas from Things, to forſake Prejudice, to know throughly the Principles, and Motives of all our Actions, and to ſhun that Folly which is in all Men, who are bigotted to the Opinions they have imbibed under their Teachers, which they keep obſtinately without examining whether they are well grounded.* In a Word, *he endeavours to make us happy for our ſelves, agreeable, and faithful to our Friends, eaſie, diſcreet, and honeſt to all, with whom we are oblig'd to live.* To make us underſtand the Terms he uſes, to explain the Figures he employs, and to conduct the Reader ſafely through the Labyrinth of a difficult Expreſſion, or obſcure *Parentheſis*, is no great matter to perform: And as *Epictetus* ſays, there is nothing in that Beautiful, or truly worthy a wiſe Man. The principal, and moſt important Buſineſs, is to ſhew the Riſe, the Reaſon, and the Proof of his Precepts, to demonſtrate that thoſe, who do not endeavour to correct themſelvs by ſo beautiful a Model, are juſt like ſick Men, who having a Book full of Receipts, proper to their Diſtempers, content themſelves to read 'em, with-

without comprehending them, or ſo much as knowing the Advantage of them.

I urge not this becauſe I have my ſelf omitted anything in theſe Annotations, which was the incumbent Duty of a Grammarian to obſerve; this, I hope the World will be ſenſible of, and that there remains no more Difficulty in the Text. But that which has been my chief Care, is, to give an inſight into the very matter, that *Horace* treats of, to ſhew the ſolidity of his Reaſons, to diſcover the Turns he makes uſe of to prove what he aims at, and to refute or illude that which is oppoſed to him, to confirm, the Truth of his Deciſions, to make the Delicacy of his Sentiments perceiv'd, to expoſe to open Day the Folly he finds in what he condemns. This is what none have done before me. On the contrary, as *Horace* is a true *Proteus*, that takes a thouſand different Forms, they have often loſt him, and not knowing where to find him, have grapled him as well as they could; they have palm'd upon him in ſeveral Places, not only Opinions, which he had not, but even thoſe which he directly refutes: I don't ſay this to blame thoſe who have taken Pains before me on the Works of this great Poet, I commend their Endeavours, they have open'd me the way; and if it be granted, that I have ſome little Advantage over them, I ow it wholly to the great Men of Antiquity, whom I have read with more Care, and without doubt with more Leiſure. I ſpeak of *Homer*, of *Plato*, and *Ariſtotle*, and of ſome other *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, which I ſtudy continually, that I may form my taſte on theirs, and draw out of their Writings, the juſtneſs of Wit, good Senſe and Reaſon.

I know

I know very well, that there are now adays ſome Authors, who laugh at theſe *great Names*, who diſallow the Acclamations, which they have receiv'd from all Ages, and who would deprive them of the Crowns, which they have ſo well deſerv'd, and which they have got before ſuch Auguſt *Tribunals*. But for fear of falling into *Admiration*, which they look upon as the Child of Ignorance, they do not perceive that they go from that *Admiration*, which *Plato* calls the Mother of *Wiſdom*, and which was the firſt that opened Mens Eyes. I do not wonder that the Celeſtial Beauties, which we find in the Writings of theſe incomparable Men, loſe with them all their Attractives, and Charms, becauſe they have not the Strength to keep their Eyes long enough upon them. Beſides, it is much eaſier to deſpiſe than underſtand them. As for my ſelf, I declare, that I am full of Admiration, and Veneration for their Divine Geniuſſes : I have them always before my Eyes, as Venerable and Incorruptible Judges ; before whom I take pleaſure to fancy, That I ought to give an account of my Writings. At the ſame Time I have a great Reſpect for Poſterity, and I always think with more *Fear*, than Confidence, on the Judgment that will paſs on my Works, if they are happy enough to reach it. All this does not hinder me from eſteeming the great Men that live now. I acknowledge that there are a great many who are an Honour to our Age, and who wou'd have adorn'd the Ages paſs'd. But amongſt theſe great Men, I ſpeak of, I do not know one, and there cannot be one, who does not eſteem, and honour the Ancients, who is not of their taſte, and who follows not their Rules. If you go never ſo little from them, you

go

go at the ſame time from Nature and Truth; and ſhall not be affraid to affirm, that it wou'd not b more difficult to ſee without Eyes, or Ligh than 'tis impoſſible to acquire a ſolid Merit, and t form the Underſtanding by other means, than b thoſe, that the *Greeks*, and *Romans* have trac'd for u Whether it be that we follow them by the onl force of Natural Happineſs, or Inſtinct, or th Art, and Study have conducted us thither. As fo thoſe who thus blame Antiquity, without knowin of it, once for all I'll undeceive them, and mak it appear, that in giving all the advantage to ou Age, they take the direct Courſe to diſhonour it for what greater Proofs can be of the Rudeneſs, o rather Barbarity of an Age, than in it, to hear *Ho mer* called dull, and heavy, *Plato* tireſome, and tedi ous, *Ariſtotle* ignorant, *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, vul gar Orators, *Virgil* a Poet without either Grace, o Beauty, and *Horace* an Author unpoliſhed, languid and without force? The *Barbarians* who ravag'd *Greece*, and *Italy*, and who laboured with ſo much fury to deſtroy all things that were fine and noble have never done any thing ſo horrible as this. But I hope that the falſe taſte of ſome particular Men with out Authority, will not be imputed to the whole Age, nor give the leaſt Blemiſh to the Ancients 'Twas to no purpoſe that a certain Emperor de clar'd himſelf an Enemy to *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Titus Livius*. All his Efforts were ineffectual, and th Oppſition he made to Works ſo perfect, ſerv'd on ly to augment in his Hiſtory the number of hi Follies, and render him more odious to all Po ſterity.

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POEMS, &c.

A Letter from Mr. Prior, *to Mr.* Fleetwood Sheppard.

SIR,

AS once a Twelvemonth to the Prieſt,
Whom ſome call Pope, ſome Antichriſt,
The Spaniſh Monarch ſends a Gennet,
To ſhew his Love, that's all that's in it:
For if his Holineſs would thump
His Rev'rend Bum 'gainſt Horſes Rump,
He might be 'quip'd from his own Stable
With one more White, and eke more able.

Or as with Gondola's and Men, his
Good Excellence the Duke of *Venice*,
(I wiſh for Rhime 'thad been the King)
Sails out, and gives the Sea a Ring:
Which Trick of State he wiſely maintains,
Keeps Kindneſs up 'twixt old Acquaintance;
For elſe, in honeſt Truth, the Sea
Has much leſs need of Gold than he.

Or, not to rove and pump ones Fancy,
For Popiſh Similies beyond Sea;
As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement
Bring Land-Lords Pepper-Corn for Rent,
Preſent a Turkey or a Hen
To thoſe might better ſpare them Ten:
Ev'n ſo, with all Submiſſion, I
(For firſt Men inſtance, than apply)
Send you each Year a homely Letter,
Who may return me much a better.

Then

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Reſpect, and not ſhow Wit:
Nor look askew at what it ſaith,
There's no Petition in it——Faith.

Here ſome would ſcratch their Heads and try
What they ſhould write, and how, and why;
But I conceive ſuch Folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in Theory of Writing:
If once for Principles 'tis laid
That Thought is Trouble to the Head;
I argue thus, the World agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with Eaſe;
Then he, by Sequel Logical,
Writes beſt, who never thinks at all.
Verſe comes from Heav'n, like Inward Light,
Meer Human Pains can ne're come by it.
The God, not we, the Poem makes,
We only tell Folks what he Speaks.

Hence when Anatomiſts diſcourſe
How like Brutes Organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
A Bear might ſoon be made a Wit:
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might ſqueak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.
Memnon, tho' Stone, was counted Vocal,
But 'twas the God, mean while, that ſpoke all.
Rome oft' has heard a Croſs haranguing,
With prompting Prieſt behind the Hanging;
The Wooden Head reſolv'd the Queſtion,
Whilſt you and *Pettys* help'd the Jeſt on.
Your crabbed Rogues that read *Lucretius*,
Are againſt Gods, you know, and teach us,
The God makes not the Poet, but
The Theſis *vice verſa* put
Should Hebrew-wiſe be underſtood,
And means the Poet makes the God.

Egyptian

Egyptian Gard'ners thus are ſaid to
Have ſet the Leeks they after pray'd to:
And *Romiſh* Bakers praiſe the Deity
They chip'd, whilſt yet in it's Paniety.
That when you Poets Swear and Cry
The God Inſpires, I rave, I die;
If inward Wind does truly ſwell ye,
'Tmuſt be the Colick in the Belly.
That Writing is but juſt like Dice,
And lucky Mains make People Wiſe:
That jumbled Words, If Fortune throw 'em,
Can well as *Dryden* form a Poem;
Or make a Speech correct and witty,
As you know who——at the Committee;
So Atoms dancing round the Centre,
They urge, form'd all things at a venture.
But granting Matters ſhould be ſpoke
By Method rather than by Luck,

This may confine their younger Styles,
Whom *Dr*——*n* pedagogues at *Wills*:
But never could be meant to tye
Authentick Wits, like you and I:
For as young Children who are try'd in
Go-Carts to keep their Steps from Sliding;
When Members knit, and Legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of ſuch Machine no longer,
But leap, *pro libitu*, and ſcout
On Horſe call'd Hobby, or without:
So when at School we firſt declaim,
Old *Busby* walks us in a Theme,
Whoſe Props ſupport our Infant Vein,
And help the Rickets in the Brain:
But when our Souls their Force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wits Eſtate,
In Verſe or Proſe we Write or Chat,
Not Six Pence Matter upon what.

'Tis

'Tis not how well a Writer ſays,
But 'tis how much that gathers Praiſe:
T——n, who is himſelf a Wit,
Counts Authors Merits by the Sheet;
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread to fill up Chinks.

Kind Sir, I ſhould be glad to ſee you,
I hope you're well, ſo God be with y',
Was all at firſt I thought to write,
But Things ſince that are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muſe flies high,
So God knows when my Clack will lie;
I muſt, Sir, prattle on as afore,
And beg your Pardon yet this half Hour.

So, where I've with my Gran'am gone,
At Sacred Barne of pure Noncon——
When *Lobb* has ſifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next,

The Rogue has cough'd up to'ther Hour,
And to apply has plagu'd me more
Than all his Villain Stuff before.
For your Religion, then, I hear
A very good Account of her;
They ſay ſhe's honeſt as your Claret,
Not ſowr'd with Cant, nor ſtum'd with Merit,
Your Chamber is the ſole retreat
Of Chaplains ev'ry *Sunday*-Night,
Of Grace no Doubt a certain Sign,
When Lay-Man herds with Man Divine;
For if their Fame be juſtly high, who
Would never treat the Pope's Nuncio,
That his is higher, we muſt grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Proteſtant.
In Politicks, I hear, you'r ſtanch,
Directly bent againſt the *French*,
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe,

Are in no Plots, but fairly drive at
The Publick Welfare in your Private,
And will for *England*'s Glory try
Turks, *Jews* and *Jesuits*, to defie,
And keep your Places till you die.

For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and you,
Let me juſt tell you how my Time is
Paſt in a Country-Life——*Imprimis*.
As ſoon as *Phœbus*'s Rays inſpect Us,
I riſe to Read, perhaps to Breakfaſt,
So on till 'forefaid God does Set,
I ſometimes Study, ſometimes Eat;
Thus of your Heroes and Brave Boys,
With whom Old *Homer* makes ſuch Noiſe,
The greateſt Actions I can find,
Are, that they did their Work and Din'd.

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are ſuch as you have whilom con'd, That

That Treat of *China*'s Civil-Law,
And Subjects Rights in *Golconda*:
Of High-way Elephants at *Ceylan*,
That Rob in *Clans*, like Men o'th' High-Land.
Of Apes that Storm or Keep a Town
Better, perhaps, than Count *Lauſune*:
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And Twenty other ſtranger Matters:
Which, tho' they'r things I've no concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.

Criticks I Read on other Men,
And Hypers upon them again,
From whoſe Remarks I give Opinion
On Twenty Books, yet ne'r look in One:
Then all your Wits that fleer and Sham,
Down from *Don Quixot* to *Tom Tram*;
From whom I Jeaſts and Puns Purloin,

And

And ſlily put 'em off for Mine.
Fond to be thought a Country-Wit,
The reſt when Fate and You think fit.
Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her,
To Bottled Ale, and Neighb'ring Vicar;
Sometimes at *Stamford* take a Quart,
Squire *Sheppard*'s Health with all my Heart.
Thus far from Pleaſure, Sir, or Grief,
I fool away an Idle Life,
Till Mr. *Maidwell* ceaſe to Teach,
Then I'll Jerk Youth, and ſay *Inſpeech*;
Or *Shadwell* from the Town retires,
Choak'd up with Fame and Sea-Coal-Fires,
To bleſs the Woods with Peaceful Lyric,
Then hey! for Praiſe and Panegyric;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and Nations free'd,
And Wreaths round *William*'s Glorious Head.

HORACE,

HORACE, *Lib.* II. *Ode* 14

Imitated by Mr. *Congreve.*

Eheu Fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.

I.

AH! No, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis
'This Pious Artifice.
Not all theſe Prayers and Alms, can Buy
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity.*
Eternity! that boundleſs Race,
Which, *Time* himſelf can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an unweari'd pace,
Which, when Ten Thouſand, Thouſand Years (are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.
Fix'd are thoſe Limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort Extent to the moſt laſting Breath,

And

nd though thou couldſt for Sacrifice, lay down
illions of other Lives to ſave thine own;
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would Bribe
ne Supernumerary Gaſp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy Inexhauſted Store
Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r,
Thy Honours, Titles; all muſt fail,
Where Piety it ſelf does nought avail.
The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Juſt,
Muſt all be huddl'd to the Grave,
With the moſt Vile and Ignominious Slave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in Duſt.
In vain, the Fearful, flies Alarms,
In vain, he is ſecure, from wounds of Arms,
In vain, avoids the Faithleſs Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Eaſe,
Bounding his Knowledg, to extend his Days.

In

In vain, are all thoſe Arts we try,
All our Evaſions, and Regret to Die:
From the Contagion of Mortality,
No Clime is pure, no Air is free:
And no Retreat
Is ſo Obſcure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt my Friend
(The very Hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thine end,
Thou muſt forego the deareſt Joys of Life
Leave the warm Boſome of thy tender Wife
And all the much-lov'd Offspring of he
(Womb
To molder in the Cold Embraces of a Tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy Houſe, whoſe ſtately Structure ſ
(much coſt
Shal

Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking Carkaſs of its Lord.
Of all thy pleaſant Gardens, Grots, and Bowers,
Thy Coſtly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs:
Nought ſhalt thou ſave;
Unleſs a Sprig of Roſemary thou have,
To wither with thee in the Grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their Tranſitory Maſter Dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting Heir,
A Joyful Mourning wear:
And Riot in the waſte of that Eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much pains to get.
All thy hid Stores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy Captiv'd Gold.

That

That precious Wine, condemn'd by thee
To Vaults and Priſons, ſhall again be free :
Buried alive, tho' now it lies,
Again't ſhall riſe,
Again its ſparkling Surface ſhow,
And free as Element, profuſely flow.
With ſuch choice Food he ſhall ſet forth his
(Feaſts,
That Cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his Gueſts ;
And pamper'd Prelates ſee
Themſelves out-done in *Luxury*.

An ODE,

In imitation of *HORACE*, Ode IX. Lib. 1.

By Mr. *CONGREVE*.

Vides ut alta, &c. ——

I.

BLeſs me, 'tis cold! how chill the Air?
How naked does the World appear!
But ſee (big with the Off-ſpring of the North)
The teeming Clouds bring forth.
A Show'r of ſoft and fleecy Rain,
Falls, to new-cloath the Earth again.
Behold the Mountain-Tops, around,
As if with Fur of Ermins crown'd:
And lo! how by degrees
The univerſal Mantle hides the Trees,

In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky;
Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply:
Trembling, the Groves sustain the Weight,
(and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Disease, through all its Veins 'tis spread,
And each late living Stream, is num'd and dead;
Lets melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air.
Let cheerful Fires *Sol*'s feeble Beams repair;
Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine;
Let's drink, till our own Faces shine,
Till we like Suns appear,
To light and warm the Hemisphere.
Wine can dispence to all both Light and Heat,
They

They are with Wine incorporate:
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold
(dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no Froſt can fix:
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow,
'Tis Heav'ns Concern; and let it be
The Care of Heaven ſtill for me:
Theſe Winds, which rend the Oaks and plough
(the Seas;
Great *Jove* can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding Nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to Morrows Doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The preſent Moment's all our Store:
The next, ſhould Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one inſtant *Now*.

Look on each Day you've paſt
To be a mighty Treaſure won:
And lay each Moment out in haſte;
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.
Youth does a thouſand Pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly;
Sweets that wanton ith' Boſome of the Spring,
In *Winter*'s cold Embraces dye.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting Boy, invites
To revel while you may, in ſoft Delights:
Now the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.
Slowly ſhe promiſes at Night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the Hour with ſwifter Feet.
To gloomy Groves and obſcure Shades ſhe flies,
There

There vails the bright Confeſſion of her Eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
VVould more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft Sighs conveys
The Whiſpers of her Heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if y'are rude;
Then from her Raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:
If from his Sight ſhe does herſelf convey,
VVith a feign'd Laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

Horace *Ode* 27, *Book* 1. *imitated.*

Natis in uſum lætitiæ Scyphis, &c.

WHat Boys, are ye mad? is the Dutch Devil in ye?
Muſt your Quarrels as long as your Glaſſes continue?
Give it o're, ye dull Sots! let the dull-pated Boors,
Snic or ſnee, at their Punch-Bowls, or flaſh for their Whores,
We'll be merry and wiſe, but for Bloodſhed we bar it,
No Red ſhall be ſeen here but your Port and good Claret.

What a P—— ſhould we fight for? No Bayonets here
But theSconces all round & the Bottles appear.
Look, the Wine bluſhes for us! while it gently diſgraces
Our unnatural Freaks and our mortifi'd Faces.
Come let's do what we came for! let the Brimmers be crown'd,
And a Health to all quiet Good-fellows go round!

Muſt

Muſt I take off my Glaſs too? then *Jack*
(prethee tell us
Thy new Miſtreſses Name: What a Miſchief
(art Jealous?
Muſt her Name be a Secret? *Alons* then I've
(done,
Hang the greedy Curmudgeon that will eat all
(alone.
Come diſcover you Block-head! I'm ſure I
(miſtook ye,
Or elſe in theſe Amours *Jack* was us'd to be
(lucky

Well, but whiſper it then! I'll keep Counſel,
(ne'r fear it,
Is it ſhe? the damn'd Jilt! Gad let no Body
hear it;
Why, Faith *Jack* thou'rt undone then, 'twas
(ſome Witchcraft I'm ſure
Could betray thee to th'Arms of a Pockified
(Whore.
Well, 'tis vain to repine Boy; let us drink
(away Sorrow,
Uſe thy freedom to Night Man, let the Punk
(reign to Morrow.

To a Lady, who deny'd him Entrance into her Cloſet.

PArdon at leaſt it merits, if not Praiſe,
To this high Wiſh, our bold Deſires to raiſe.
For what Place more our longing Eyes can bleſs,
Than that where you alone your ſelf poſſeſs,
Where in a calm and undiſturb'd Retreat
All your mild tender Thoughts together meet,
And Love and Innocence each other greet?
Here ſome unhappy Virgin's Fate you read,
And your ſoft Soul with her ſad Story feed:
Admire the Truth which ſhe, tho' injur'd, bears,
And praiſe the mournful Beauty of her Tears;
Such charming Tears as thoſe alone excel,
Which from your Eyes for lov'd *Pamela* fell:
There, with concern of Heroes paſt you read;
How do we envy then the happier dead!

But

But oh! what Hopes can living Lovers find,
If they alone take up your gentle Mind!
To this bleſt Place are all our Wiſhes bound,
Where no unhallow'd Feet e're toucht the ground:
Hither we approach not ſo profane or rude,
As without your Permiſſion to intrude:
Nor can we of this mighty Grace deſpair,
From the bright Nymph that's gentle as ſhe's fair,
In whom we Nature's nobleſt Strife may find,
Which ſhould excel, her Beauty or her Mind;
In the warm Snow of whoſe ſoft tender Breaſt,
Mildneſs and gentleſt Pity build their Neſt;
And Virtue, ſtronglier, noblier fortify'd
By eaſie Freedom than diſdainful Pride.

King Charles I. *at* Oxford, *being at a Sport called* Sortes Virgilianæ, *drew for his Lott ſome part of the* 4*th* Eneid, *about Verſe* 615. *and had ſix Verſes tranſlated by Mr.* Cowley.

BY a bold People's ſtubborn Arms oppreſt,
Forc'd to forſake the Land which he poſſeſt,
Torn from his deareſt Son, let him in vain
Beg help, and ſee his Friends unjuſtly ſlain:
Let him to bold unequal Terms ſubmit,
In hopes to ſave his Crown; yet loſe both it
And Life at once: Untimely let him dye,
And on an open Stage unburied lye.

The Latine Verſes.

AT bello audacis populi vexatus & armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulſus Iuli
Auxilium imploret, videatq; indigna ſuorum Funera,

Funera, nec cum ſe ſub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur,
Sed cadat ante diem, mediaq; inhumatus arena.

The Deiſt's Plea, anſwered by the Honourable, *Robert Boyle*, Eſq;

The Deiſt's Plea.

NAtural Religion, eaſie firſt and Plain;
Tales made it Myſtery, Offerings made it gain;
Sacrifices and Feaſts were at length prepar'd,
The Prieſts eat roaſt Meat, and the People ſtar'd.

The Chriſtian's Plea.

NAtural Religion does indeed diſplay
The Duty of ſerving God, but not the way:
Man of himſelf roving, perverſe and blind,
A Precipice ſooner than that way would find,
What

What Worſhip God will like: Himſelf muſt (teach,
And ſo he did, by thoſe he ſent to preach;
Who Doctrins worthy to be thought Divine,
Confirm'd by Miracles, where his Power did (ſhine:
Who by thoſe Wonders, Inſtances did give
Of things, as ſtrange as they bid us believe;
Who promis'd endleſs Joys, and Lives requir'd
Worthy of thoſe, that to ſuch Joys aſpir'd,
Who what they taught ſo much believ'd (and pris'd
That, for its ſake, they all things elſe deſpis'd:
And both by its ſtrict Rules their Lives did (guide,
And to atteſt its Truth moſt gladly dy'd;
And without Arms ſubdu'd the World, ſave (thoſe
Whom Vice, not Wit, engag'd clear Truths (t'oppoſe.

Julii Mazirini, Cardinalis, Epitaphium: Authore *Joh. Milton.*

HIC jacet Julius Mazirinus,
Galliæ Rex, Italus
Ecclesiæ Præsul Laicus,
Europæ prædo purpuratus,
Fortunam omnem ambiit omnem corrupit;
Ærarium administravit, & exhausit;
Civile bellum compressit, sed commovit;
Regni jura tuitus est, & invasit;
Beneficia possedit, & vendidit;
Pacem dedit aliquando, sed distulit,
Hostes cladibus, cives oneribus afflixit,
Arrisit paucis, irrisit plurimos,
Omnibus nocuit.
Negotiator in Templo, Tyrannus in Regno,

Prædo

Prædo in Miniſterio,
Vulpes in Conſilio,
Graſſator in Bello,
Solus nobis in Pace Hoſtis.
Fortunam olim adverſam, aut eluſit aut vicit:
E noſtro ſeculo vidimus
Adorari fugitivum,
Imperare Civibus Exulem,
Regnare proſcriptum.
Quid deinde egerit, rogas? Paucis accipe.
Luſit, fefellit, rapuit;
Ferreum nobis ſeculum induxit, ſibi ex auro noſtro
Aureum fecit.
Quorundam capiti nullius fortunis pepercit,
Homo crudeliter clemens;
Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit,
Plures ei mortes cælo irrogante,
Cui Senatus olim unam decreverat:

Vincenni

Vincenni ſe arcibus incluſit moriturus;
Id quidem apte
Quæſivit carcerem;
Diu lædentem animam retinuit, ægre reddidit.
Sic retinere omnia didicerat,
Nil ſua ſponte reddere,
Conſtanter tamen viſurus eſt mori, quid mirum?
Ut vixit, ſic obiit diſſimulans,
Ne morbum quidem novere qui curabant.
Hac una fraude nobis profuit,
Fefellit Medicos;
Mortuus eſt tamen, ni fallimur, & moriens
Regem regno, Regnum Regi reſtituit;
Reliquit;
Præſulibus peſſima exempla,
Aulicis infida conſilia,
Adoptivo ampliſſima ſpolia,
Paupertatem populis;

Succeſſo-

Succeſſoribus ſuis omnes prædandi artes,
Sed prædam nullam.
Immenſas tamen opes licet profuderit,
Id unum habuit ex ſuo quod daret,
Nomen ſuum.
Pectus ejus, poſt mortem apertum eſt,
Tunc primum patuit vafrum cor
Mazirini
Quod nec precibus, nec lacrymis, nec injuriis
(moveretur.
Diu quæſivimus, invenere medici
Cor Lapideum.
Quod mortuus adhuc omnia moveat & adminiſtret
(ne mireris:
Stipendia in hunc annum accepit,
Nec fraudat poſt Mortem bonæ fidei:
Quo tandem evaſerit forſitan, rogas?
Cælum (ſi rapitur) tenet, ſi datur meritis longe
(abeſt.

Sed

Sed abi Viator, & cave;
Nam hic Tumulus
Eſt Specus Latronis.

In *Urbanum* viii. P. M.

EST ne Papa Chriſtianus?
Immo vero, Chriſtianiſſimus.
Eſtne verus Petri Succeſſor?
Immo veriſſimus:
Quotieſcunque enim Gallus Cantat,
Dominum abnegat.

EPITAPH *upon* Felton, *by his Grace the late D. of* Buckingham.

HEre uninter'd ſuſpends (tho not to ſave
Surviving Friends th'Expences of a Grave)

Felton's dead Earth, which to the World (muſt be,
His own ſad Monument, His Elegy,
As large as Fame, but whether bad, or good,
I ſay not, by himſelf 'twas writ in Blood.
Having his Body thus entomb'd in Air,
Arch'd ore with Heaven, and ſet with many a (fair
And glorious Diamond-Star; a Sepulchre
Which Time can't ruinate, and where
The impartial Worm, which is not brib'd to (ſpare
Princes, when wrapt in Marble, cannot ſhare
His Fleſh, which oft the charitable Skies
Embalm with Tears, doing thoſe Obſequies
Belong to Men, until the pitying Fowl,
Contend to reach his Body to his Soul.

Upon

Upon a Lady's Singing PINDARICK ODE, *By Mr. CONGREVE.*

I.

LEt all be huſht, each ſofteſt Motion ceaſe,
Be every loud tumultuous Thought at (Peace,
And ev'ry ruder Gaſp of Breath
Be calm, as in the Arms of Death.
And thou moſt fickle, moſt uneaſie Part,
Thou reſtleſs Wanderer, my Heart,
Be ſtill; gently, ah gently, leave,
Thou buſie, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a Pulſe; and let my Blood,
That turbulent, unruly Flood,
Be ſoftly ſtaid:
Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.

Go, rest, y'unnecessary Springs of Life,
Leave your officious Toil and Strife;
For I would hear this Voice, and try
If it be possible to dye.

II.

Come all ye Love-sick Maids and wounded Swains,
And listen to her Healing Strains.
A wondrous Balm, between her Lips she wears,
Of Sov'reign Force to soften Cares;
'Tis piercing as your Thoughts, and melting as your Tears:
And this, through ev'ry Ear she does impart,
(By tuneful Breath diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart.
Swiftly the gentle Charmer Flies,
And to the tender Grief soft Air applies,
Which, warbling Mystick Sounds,
Cements the bleeding Panter's Wounds.
But ah! beware of clam'rous Moan:
Let no unpleasing Murmur or harsh Groan,
Your

Your ſlighted Loves declare:
Your very tend'reſt moving Sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boiſtrous here.
Hither let nought but Sacred *Silence* come,
And let all ſawcy Praiſe be dumb.

III.

And lo! *Silence* himſelf is here;
Methinks I ſee the Midnight God appear,
In all his downy Pomp aray'd,
Behold the rev'rend *Shade*:
An ancient Sigh he ſits upon,
Whoſe Memory of Sound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his Throne:
Beneath two ſoft tranſparent Clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter Feet.
A melancholy Thought, condens'd to Air,
Stol'n from a Lover in Deſpair,

Like a thin Mantle, ſerves to wrap
In *Fluid* Folds, his *viſionary Shape.*
A wreath of Darkneſs round his Head he wears,
Where curling Miſts ſupply the want of Hairs:
While the ſtill Vapors, which from Poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary Face and lull his Eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
And *Silence* now is drown'd
In Ecſtaſy of Sound.
How on a ſuddain the ſtill Air is charm'd,
As if all Harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And ev'ry Soul with Tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and Chill'd.
See how the Heavenly Choir
Come flocking, to admire,
And with what Speed and Care,
Deſcending Angels cull the thinneſt Air!

Haſte

Haſte then, come all th'immortal Throng,
And liſten to her Song;
Leave your lov'd Manſions, in the Sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly;
Your Loſs of Heav'n, nor ſhall you need to fear,
While ſhe ſings 'tis Heav'n here.

V.

See how they crowd, ſee how the little Che-
(rubs skip!
While others ſit around her Mouth, and ſip
Sweet Hellelujahs from her Lip.
Thoſe Lips, where in Surpriſe of Bliſs they rove?
For ne'r before were Angels bleſt
With ſuch a luſcious Feaſt
Of Muſick and of Love.
Prepare then, ye immortal Choir,
Each ſacred Minſtrel tune his Lyre,
And with her Voice in Chorus joyn,
Her Voice, which next to yours is moſt divine.

Bleſs the glad Earth with heavenly Lays,
And to that Pitch th'eternal Accents raiſe,
Which only Breath inſpir'd can reach,
To Notes, which only ſhe can learn, and you can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd Exceſs,
Are wrapt in ſweet Forgetfulneſs
Of all, of all, but of the preſent Happineſs:
Wiſhing, for ever in that State to lie,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

Advice about Marriage: An Imitation of a French Satyr; by Mr. Tho. Brown.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in Danger, ſhe always in Motion,
And

And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his
(Carcaſs
Twice ventures a drowning; and Faith that's
(a hard Caſe.
Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat
(us,
And Death, only Death, can ſign our *Quietus*.

Not to tell you ſad Stories of Liberty loſt,
How our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Pleaſures
(all croſt:
This Pagan Confinement, this damnable Station
Suits no order, nor age, nor degree in the Nation.
The Levite it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beaſt, you know, can ſcarce
(carry double.
'Twas invented, they'll tell you, to keep us
(from falling,
Oh the Virtue and Grace of a ſhrill Catter-
(wawling!
But it pales in your Game—— Ay, but how
(do you know Sir,
How often your Neighbour breaks up your
(Encloſure?

For

For this is the principal Comfort of Marriage,
You muſt eat, tho' an hundred have ſpit in
(your Porrige,
If at Night you're unactive and fail of per-
(forming,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Bloodſhed
(next Morning:
Cries the Bone of your Side, "Thanks dear
(Mr. *Horner*,
"This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a
(Corner.
Then, to make up the Breach, all your Strength
(you muſt rally,
And labour and ſweat like a Slave at the Gally:
But ſtill you muſt charge, oh bleſſed Condition!
Tho' you know to your Coſt you've no more
(Ammunition;
Till at laſt my dear mortified Tool of a Man,
You're not able to make a poor Flaſh in the
(Pan.
Fire, Female and Flood begin with a Letter,
And the World's for 'em all ſcarce a Farthing
(the better,
Your Flood ſoon is gone, and your Fire you
(may humble,
If into the Flames ſtore of Water you tumble;
But

But to cool the damn'd Heat of your Wive's Titillation,
You may uſe half the Engines and Pumps in the Nation,
But may piſs out as well the laſt Conflagration.
Thus Sir, I have ſent you my Thoughts of the Matter,
Judge you, as you pleaſe, but I ſcorn to flatter.

Part of a Panegyrick upon the Famous Colonel Walker, *Governour of* Londonderry ; *by Mr.* Tho. Brown.

A Town he kept in ſpite of Fate,
The *Iriſh* he confounded :
For this he got five thouſand Pound,
Oh Hero moſt renown'd !
More of his valiant Deeds and Worth,
What need we then to cry-a,

Since

Since *Walker George* has made amends
For *Walker Obadiah.*

CAROLO Martyri Sacrum: Autore *Thoma Brown.*

CArole *Gentis Honos ſate* Carole *ſanguine* (*Divum,*
Qui major magnis annumeraris Avis,
Relligio accepit, quo Principe, noſtra Coronam,
Quo vivente decus, quo moriente fidem.
Hæc damus ultrici damnata volumina Flammæ
Manibus inferias, ſancte Monarcha, tuis.
Seu tulerint Batavæ funeſta venena paludes,
Seu dederit ſævam Scotia dira luem.
Sic ſemper pereat quæcunque laceſſere Charta
Vel Reges auſa eſt, vel tetigiſſe Deos.

A

A Catch, by Mr. Taverner.

PAle Faces ſtand off, and our bright ones
(adore,
We look like our Claret, they worſe than our
(Score;
Then light up your Pimples, all Art we'l out-
(ſhine,
When the plump God does paint, each Stroke
(is divine.
Clean Glaſſes our Pencils, our Claret is Oil,
He that ſits for his Picture muſt ſit a good while

The Beaux, *an Ephigram, by Mr.* Tho. Brown.

TEll me, Sage *Will*, thou, that the Town
(around
For Wit, and Tea and Coffee art renown'd;
Tell me, for as the common Rumor goes,
Thy Houſe is cramm'd eternally with Beaux,
How

How ſhall I that ſtrange Animal define,
What are his Marks, his Virtues or his Sign?
So may'ſt thou ſtill keep in the Wits good
(Graces,
And never loſe a Farthing more at Races.
Thus I enquir'd, when ſtreight Sage *Will* re-
(replyed,
His Nutmeg, Spoon, and Grater laid aſide;
"He that like *M*— Sings, like *S*— writes,
"Dreſſes like *R*—, like *T*—— Fights,
"Like *H*—— in a no-ingagement ſwears,
"Chatters like *D*—, Squints like *W*——
(at Prayers;
"Dams every thing beſides his own dull
(Jeſt,
"That thing's a Beau: Why then that
(Beau's a Beaſt.

The

The Repenting Husband: *Or a Satyr upon Marriage: By Mr.* S. W.

Beaugard.

IT can't be he. *Courtine!* the brisk, the gay!
What Hag has ſtoln the *Friend* and *Man* (away?
What Monſter is he metamorphos'd to?
How all unlike the *Jolly Thing* we knew?
Such *Underwoods* have over-run the Coaſt,
In his Beard's Thicket all his Face is loſt;
That hanging Look ſad Gheſſes does invite,
And on his wrinkled Forehead Husband write.

Courtine.

For thy unſeaſonable Mirth a Curſe,
As heavy as that Fiend, that haunts me thus:
That Conſtellation of Plagues be thine
Which ſpightful Heaven has doom'd with (*Sylvia*, mine:
Be

Be thou condemn'd to lug an endleſs Life,
The Gally-ſlave to an Eternal Wife.

Beaugard.

A friendly Wiſh! But Partners would deſtroy
That Bliſs, which none but one can well enjoy:
Lucky *Courtine*, how ev'n in ſpight of me
Does thy good Fortune make me envy thee?
How like the neat Sir *Davy*, Sage and wiſe,
New Aldermen ſit Budding in her Eyes!
A Face ſo fair as *Sylvia*'s ſure might move,
Spight of his Hymns, a bloodleſs Angel's Love;
And then what dull *Platonick* can behold
The Beauty, and the Virtue of her Gold?
The Atheiſt thinks a merry Life does well,
Bartering ſhort Pleaſant Toys for a long future Hell.
To Lovers thus the happy Night alone
For a whole Age of Torments might attone,

After

After a Day of Eating, which might vie
With the Lord Mayors or Shreeval Luxury:
See where a Drove of envious wiſhing Freinds
Around thy Bed, the Bower of Bliſs Attends;
Each ſquinting Gallant prays thy Place were his
And by Delays excel the coming Blyſs:
Sack-poſſet then, while each green Virgin throws
Prophetic Stocken, at thy patient Noſe.
Sack-poſſet ſtill, and when they that remove,
Next—enter the ſweet Sillabub of LOVE.

Soft Muſic then thy Lazineſs muſt chide,
And give a fair Excuſe to leave the Bride;
Not wooing Puſs can louder Songs compoſe,
Nor more diverſity of Airs than thoſe
Harmonious City-Muſic; ſuch a Bliſs,
'Twere worth the while to marry but for this.

Nor muſt you think the Joys ſhould end ſo ſoon,
There's yet a *live long-heavenly-hony-moon*

In Wedlocks pleasing Team, with equal Law,
Thy courteous Yoke-fellow must ever draw,
While *Pictures* of thy kind laborious Bride
Shall still run softly bellowing by thy Side.

Courtine.

Since my fair Pack so wondrously does please,
Thy Shoulders lend, and be an *Hercules*:
I feel a Load, a *heavy Hell* above,
For the expected *gaudy Heaven* of Love:
How thin would you those Tinsel Pleasures find
With which sly jilting Nature bribes Mankind?
SATED FRUITION does the Bliss destroy,
And the next Moment *knows not the* Tumultu-
(ous *Joy.*
Who can reflect without just Rage and Fright,
And deep regret on such a mean Delight!
Ye Gods, if these Loves highest Banquets be,
Brutes can love more, and better far than we:

This

This knew sly *Jove*, who when he left the Skies,
Chose rather any other Beast's Disguise,
The Bull, nay th'improportionable Swan,
Much more the lusty Ass, can rival Man,
Who all their Pleasure in Possession find,
Without the curst Allay, and Sting behind;
As Nature prompts, *promiscuously* they rove,
And hunt *free Joys*, through ev'ry Field and grove,
But in a *Pound*, what Brute wou'd e'n make Love?
Man, Man alone is damn'd to grinding still,
And in the *Prison* of his Cage must *Bill*;
Like a blind Stallion ever drudges on,
And gets new Slaves for Wives to ride upon;
Night-mar'd, like me, whom gastly Sights persue
And scare with her lean Ghost, whom once I knew.
That *Sylvia*'s now no more, who big with Charms,
Dropt a whole Dow'r of Charms within your Arms;

Looſe hangs the Flower, lately ſo freſh and gay,
And every Tempeſt bears new Leaves away:
Unlovely now it flags, and overblown,
And ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Charm is gone;
Her Tenderneſs is fond and awkward grows,
And all her Female Art affected ſhews.
True Hag all o're: Ugly ſhe grows, and old,
And knowing this, turns Jealous and a Scold;
Fletcher's *Wife-tamer* durſt not dare to love her,
Xantippe was a *Patient Grizel* to her;
Each Look, each Step I tread's by her ſur-
vey'd;
She haunts me like my Conſcience, or my ſhade,
Expects t'a Statue, I ſhould conſtant prove,
And daily *damns* my *unperforming Love*;
When e'r for Quiets-ſake ſhe hooks me in,
What Mummy looks ſo dreadful as her Face!
Heavens, how ſhe ruffles in her Buckrum Skin,
And frights my Soul away from the Imbrace!

So

So when from Gibbets and the Common ſhore
Th'Officious *Devil* has pimp'd, and brought (his Friend a Whore,
So ſhrieks the Wretch, when he next Morn (has ſpy'd
A ghaſtly Carcaſs rotting by his Side.
Juſt ſuch a Lot is mine; I drudg my Life
Worſe than, with Legion far, poſſeſs'd with (*WIFE*;
Wou'd Fate and Hell ſome *higher* ill provide,
And *club* for *any other* Plague beſide,
I ſoon ſhould eaſy and contented grow,
In ſpight of Bolts above and Flames below:
No——ſuch *luxurious* Eaſe I ask in vain,
And like poor *Adam* muſt alive remain,
Whom vengeful Fate did to curs'd Woman (chain,
In Judgment gave him an unkind Reprieve,
And damn'd him to ten thouſand Hells in *Eve*.

Upon the D. of Buckingham's *Retirement: By Madam* Wharton, Jan. 1683.

IF darkeſt Shades could cloud ſo bright a Mind,
Or univerſal Knowledg be confin'd,
Then ſhould I fear what vainly you perſue,
Exiling the offending World from you:
Permit this Phraſe, for their's the loſs would be,
To you, 'twere Gain of Eaſe and Liberty:
For them alas! what is't I would not fear?
If baniſhed the rich World of Learning here,
Within your Breaſt, where Knowledg is retir'd
By vain Purſuits and falſe Explainers tir'd;
Others bring dazling Light, and leave us more
Oppreſt with Blindneſs than we were before:
But gently by degrees, like dawning Day,
The Miſts that cloud the Mind you drive away.

If

If you retire, what Damps of black Deſpair
Muſt cloud the World (no longer made your Care?)
Who could alas deep Myſteries unfold?
Who could Inſtruct the Young or Chear the (Old?
Who could like you in lively Colours paint
Death's gaſtly Face to each expiring Saint?
'Tis you and only you can paint him fair,
To thoſe who Life & Pleaſure make their Care.
'Tis you make Eaſe leſs lovely ſeem than Pain,
'Tis you bring Heaven down to dying Men,
And raiſe the drooping Minds to Heaven (again;
You choſe Heaven's Saints, for ſtill the mount- (ing Soul
Is crown'd above whom you on Earth enrol.
Quit not the World, becauſe that Monarch's (Brow
So ſmooth to all, ſeems clouded o'r to you:
His Anger, like the Wrath of Heaven, is ſlow,
And all his Actions his Compaſſion ſhew:

Unjuſtice never can his Temper ſute,
Love, gentle Love, is his bleſt Attribute:
A Soul enclin'd to ſuch a peaceful Charm,
No fear of Danger could his Soul alarm:
Plot upon Plot intended or deviſ'd,
He ſmil'd to ſee, look'd over and deſpis'd.
When every Subject at his Danger ſhook,
His Thoughts flow'd eaſily as a Summers Brook:
He pardon'd ſtill, and when unruly, they
Forc'd him the Sword of Juſtice to diſplay,
Unwillingly he puniſh'd, to obey:
I ſay, t'obey, for might he ſtill command,
Garlands of Peace would grow within his Hand;
Then Love and Wit, in which he does excel,
With Peace and Plenty, here would ever dwell.
But now, alas, he rules a giddy Crowd,
Who ſlight their Joys and tell their Grief aloud;

As

As fond of Troubles as he is of Peace,
So factious Slaves and conſtant Foes to eaſe,
Still forcing Fears unnatural and baſe;
At home diſtracted, and abroad deſpis'd,
The Grief of Fools, and laughter of the Wiſe.
But hold! too far, I have miſtook my way,
I would return, and yet what can I ſay?
The Subject is ſo vaſt to which I'm brought,
That I am loſt in the Abyſs of Thought;
I would perſuade, and yet I know not how
To make that Theam to my weak Numbers bow,
Exalt my humble Notions to your height,
I'll plainly tell my Thoughts, raiſe you their Flight.
Leave not the World, but near that Monarch reſt,
Who all that's juſt ſtill harbours in his Breaſt,
And when that Head ſo fill'd with boundleſs Thought
To his enlarged Heart is nearer brought,

What

What Wonders may we not expect ſhould ſpring
From ſuch a Subject, and from ſuch a King!

To Damon, *the moſt Inconſtant and Faithleſs of his Sex: Being the firſt Copy of Verſes made by a fair Lady, who is ſince dead.*

HAppy was I, *O Love*, when Innocent,
And knew not what thy lawleſs Power meant!
But ſince from *Damon*'s Eyes thou'ſt ſhot thy Dart,
Wing'd with his faithleſs Vows, into my Heart;
Alas! away my happy Hours are flown,
And I too plainly find I am undone!
For by his Prayers and numerous Oaths betray'd
Too eaſie, I thought all was true he ſaid;
So piteouſly he look'd, and ſigh'd much more,
And with ſuch wondrous feeling ardor ſwore!

But

But like the reſt of his falſe, *perjur'd Kind*,
He ſoon diſcover'd his baſe fickle Mind.
Wilſt *Young* Enjoyment, was all brisk and gay,
How often didſt thou, perjur'd *Damon*, ſay,
That, had *Alcmena*, had ſuch melting Charms,
The happy Thunderer ne'r had left her Arms,
But had prolong'd the pleaſing, blisful *Night*,
Till darken'd Mankind had forgot the Light.

But thou art falſe, and therefore ſhouldſt (be ſcorn'd,
And not with fruitleſs Tears and Sorrows (mourn'd:
But now my Scorn, alas! would pleaſe thee (more
Than all the Favours I beſtow'd before:
Then let ſome other Pride thy Soul Torment,
And make thee feel what I too late repent,
The hopeleſs Pangs of a deſpairing Love,
And all the Racks the reſtleſs guilty prove.

Pet. Arbiter.

Qui Pelago *credit, magno ſe fœnere tollit*, &c.

THe ventring Merchant in his mighty Gains
Meets a Reward for his paſt Toil & Pains;
The hardy Soldier who delights in Wars,
Ventures for Plunder whilſt he ventures Scars;
The dervile cringing Flatterer, we ſee
Triumphant in his purple Luxury;
The Cuckold-maker ſpends his Blood and Health
In toilſome Pleaſure to procure him Wealth;
Diſcarded Eloquence alone does wait,
Shivering with Cold, and ragged, out of Date;
And whilſt admired Baſeneſs upwards flies,
Worth unregarded and neglected Lyes.

A SONG: By Henry Cromwel, Esq;

I.

A Beauteous Face, fine Shape, engaging Air,
With all the Graces that adorn the Fair,
If these cou'd fail their so accustom'd Parts,
And not secure the Conquest of our Hearts:
Sylvia has yet a vast reserve in store;
At Sight we love, but hearing must adore.

II.

There falls continual Musick from her Tongue,
The Wit of *Sappho*, with her artful Song;
From Syrens thus we lose the Power to fly,
We listen to the Charm, and stay to dy:
Ah! lovely Nymph, I yield, I am undone,
Your Voice has finisht what your Eyes begun.

Upon

Upon the Art of Love, *a Book, sent to a Lady: By the same.*

I.

IS *Sylvia* then to learn the Art of Love,
Who with that Passion every Breast inspires?
What pity 'tis she only should not prove
What mighty Charms there are in soft Desires?
Let her pursue the Dictates of her Heart,
Nature's a Mistress better far than Art:

II.

But if by some unknown Indifference
Her Eyes neglect the Conquests they have won,
And whilst all yield to Love, without Defence,
Sylvia can be insensible alone:
Try then, my little Book, thy utmost Art,
To make the Passage easy to her Heart.

A

A SONG: *By the ſame.*

I.

HOw! mortal Hate! for what Offence?
For too much Love or Negligence?
The firſt, who is it that denies?
The Fault of your Victorious Eyes,
As 'tis of your ſeverer Arms,
I pay no more my Tribute to your Charms.

II.

Yet I in Silence ſtill admire,
Have gaz'd till I have ſtole a Fire;
A mighty Crime in one you hate;
Yet who can ſee and ſhun the Fate?
Ah! let it then not mortal prove,
Not but I'd die to ſhew how much I love.

The

The DECAY, A SONG: By W. C.

I.

SAy not *Olinda*, I deſpiſe
the faded Glories of your Face,
The languiſh'd Vigour, of your Eyes,
and that once, only lov'd Embrace.

II.

In vain, in vain, my conſtant Heart,
on aged Wings, attempts to meet
With wonted ſpeed, thoſe Flames you dart,
it faints and flutters at your feet.

III.

I blame not your decay of Pow'r,
you may have pointed Beauties ſtill,
Though

Though me alas, they wound no more,
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

IV.

On youthful Climes your Beams diſplay,
There, you may cheriſh with your Heat,
And riſe the Sun to guild their Day,
To me benighted, when you ſet.

A SONG:

By Mr. S——.

I.

NO more proud Woman boaſt
Your Empire over Men,
For all your Pow'r now you have loſt,
And they're reſtor'd unto themſelves again.

II.

They plainly now discern
Those Tricks and all those Arts
With which your Face and Eyes you arm,
To Catch unguarded Hearts.

III.

And rather than submit
To such Deceits, as these,
They'l for a Mistress chuse a Man o'Wit,
Who better knows to please.

By the same.

I.

THis proves, *Clymene*, what I said,
Our Hearts o'th' *hardest Rocks* were (made,
Since

Since *mine*, unweary'd ſtill has born
Your killing Rigour and your Scorn;
Yet *yours* nothing could melt, or move,
Not all my Tears, nor all the force o'Love.

II.

Long with my hourly Pains I ſtrove,
Pains which I fear will endleſs prove,
Never more vainly to *urge* to you
This Truth, for my repoſe *too* true;
I am a Rock in Conſtancy,
As you *are one in Cruelty.*

SONG:

By Tho. Ch——. Esq;

I.

LOve's a Dream of mighty Treasure,
Which in Fancy we possess;
In the Folly lies the Pleasure,
Wisdom ever makes it less:
When we think, by Passion heated,
We a Goddess have in Chase,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
And a gawdy Cloud embrace.

II.

Only happy is the Lover,
Whom his Mistress well deceives,

Seeking

Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at eaſe:
But the Wretch that would be knowing
What the fair one would diſguiſe,
Labors for his own undoing,
Changing Happy to be wiſe.

SONG:

By the ſame.

I.

LEt other Beauties boaſt in vain,
How they a Heart enſnare,
Which they by artful means obtain,
And but preſerve with Care:
Whilſt *Cloe*, with reſtleſs Pow'r,

Does all Mankind ſubdue,
As are her Conqueſts ev'ry Hour,
So are her Charms ſtill new.

II.

Yet ſhe for whom ſo many dye,
Neglecting does ſurprize,
As loath the utmoſt Force to try
Of her victorious Eyes.
Her *Influence* ſhe does moderate,
And ſome in Pity ſpare,
That Beauties of a *Lower Rate*
May have a little Share.

The

The Meſſage, *a* SONG:

By W. C.

GO, thou unhappy Victim, go
Thou poor diſtracted Heart,
Oppreſs'd with all thy mighty woe,
Thy endleſs Love, and Smart;
Go to *Aminta*, tell thy Grief;
Go to *Aminta*, beg Relief;
Pray to that Cruel Fair,
And let, oh let her hear
The various Cries of thy Deſpair.
In bleeding Wounds, and trembling Fears,
In moving Sighs and melting Tears,
Pant to her Eyes, and pierce her Ears.

Ah! ſure ſhe cannot ſee,
A Heart, ſo clad in Miſery,
And yet no Pity have;
Oh no——ſhe cannot——ſure ſhe will
In tender Mercy ſave,
Or elſe in rigid Mercy kill.

By Henry Cromwel, *Eſq*; *Martial.* Epigram. *De morte* Feſti, *lib.* 1. *epig.* 67.

Indignas premeret peſtis cum tabida fauces, &c.

NO ſooner had the dire Diſeaſe began,
But o'r his Face the ſpreading Miſchief ran;
Around him his lamenting Friends did ly,
All Eyes were bath'd in Tears---but his were dry;
Firm in his Soul he was, and well reſolv'd to die:
Yet

Yet does he mean inglorious ways diſdain,
By Famin ſcorns to linger out in Pain,
Or with vile poiſonous Dregs his manly Viſage ſtain:
But, as he ever Honour's Courſe did run,
In Death to finiſh what his Life begun,
With *Roman* Courage did his Fate obey,
Which ever led to Death the nobleſt way:
By falling thus he has acquir'd a Name,
Out-vying *Cato*'s in the Liſt of Fame,
For fear of *Cæſar* forc'd to ſuch an end;
But thus he dy'd, and yet was *Cæſar*'s Friend.

A CATCH.

I.

LET the Woman be damn'd (a moderate Fate)
Or dye an old Maid, as grey as a Cat,
That her Lover refuſes for want of Eſtate.

II.

Let her, that ſets Man, like a Beaſt to be ſold,
And above mettle'd Fleſh loves a Lump of dead (Gold,
Look green when ſhe's young, and be poxt (when ſhe's old.

III.

But let thoſe, that are wiſe contemn the dull (Store,
Wives choſe by their Weight, will be weighty (no more,
If for Gold they will wed, for the ſame they (will whore.

A

A Letter from Hen. Cr. *Eſq;. to* Tho. Ch. *Eſq;. For Women and againſt Wine.*

MY lovely *Ch*——, that takes Delight,
To ſpend the ſilent Hours of Night
With *ſparkling* Wine, and ſprightly Jeſt,
And hates the lazy Thoughts of *Reſt*,
Unbending then with eaſe thy Cares,
When drudging Cit to Shop repairs,
Of thy weak Friend ſome Pity take,
Who has not learnt the Art to wake,
Unskill'd in offring at the Shrine
Of thy dear Jovial God of *Wine*:
Let him enjoy his *little Punk*,
Be *Clapt* for Sin, but not be *drunk*:
The *Wretch* that runs at ev'ry Whore
Is often poxt, but can't give o're,

May

May well be thought a Slave to Paſſion,
But yet he acts by Inclination,
And Pleaſures in one Moment gains
To countervail an Age of Pains.
Why ſhould I by your Method live?
Againſt my *Genius* vainly ſtrive?
This ev'n common Senſe deſtroys;
This the wiſe Eunuch well diſproves,
Is't fit that I, who know no Joys,
Should die, ye Gods, becauſe ſhe loves?
Let *Venus* be at diſtance drawn,
To make the nauſeous Draught go down,
As when I drank for red-hair'd Wench
Subſtantial Bowles of luſty Punch.
Or was there Intereſt in the Caſe,
It might go down without Grimace,
As luſty Stallion, who for *Hire*,
Oblig'd to quench ſome Awker'd Fire,

Forces

Forces himſelf againſt Deſire,
And robs from Nature to ſupply her.
No more will I purſue your Faſhion,
Nor ever drink by Obligation,
But ſeek a ſofter Recreation.
Thus though a different way we move,
Your Paſſion Wine, mine for Love,
Yet may we, as we change our Sphere,
Like the Twin-Gods, meet once a Year.

An Anſwer to the foregoing Letter, by Tho. Ch. *Eſq; for Wine.*

WHen lately with ſome ſpecial Friends,
For Fops, and Fools to make amends,
In *Bow-ſtreet*, at a certain Houſe,
We drank a notable Carouſe;

And

And whilſt Mirth, and good Humor laſted,
The Nights in Joys ſublime we waſted;
Againſt good Wine cou'd I imagine,
That you a *Satyr* wou'd engage in?
Good Wine, that raiſes us above
The moſt tranſporting Thoughts of Love,
Inſpires us with great *Wit* and *Senſe*;
When *Love* does ever drain from thence.
When by indulging over Night
Much Wine has cloid the Appetite,
Next Day a Bumper will reſtore,
Correct the Faults o'th Day before,
But, *by Experience* taught, I find,
It ne'r was ſo with *Womankind:*
Yet, Sir, I am not in defyance
With the ſoft Sex, but in compliance,
Wou'd kindly take Commiſeration
On her that had for me a Paſſion;

But

But like a Beau to fawn, and wait,
Is that of all Things, that I hate.
I uſe a Woman at my Leiſure,
Not make a Buſineſs of a Pleaſure:
But you, whom Female Chains can fetter,
I never heard was treated better.
Or may be of an Amorous League,
You cannot bear the grand fatigue;
Something of that I am afraid,
I'll tell you what the World has ſaid;
My Dear, it's credibly reported,
You want ſtrong Vigor when you ſport it:
In vain you ſay ſoft things and tender,
When 'tis a ſtiff thing, that muſt bend her:
But yours is ſuch a modeſt Devil,
It is afraid to be uncivil;
And when ſhe wiſhes for the Bleſſing,
You idly ſtand and praiſe her Dreſſing,

The

The pretty Cornets on her Head,
When you ſhould throw her on the Bed,
The fancied Colours of a Knot,
When you ſhould be upon the Spot:
Then with her Fan, perhaps, you play,
When you ſhould cool her t'other way.
Theſe are the Reaſons, as I gheſs,
That makes you have ſuch ill Succeſs;
But if by chance you have the Fortune
To win the Lady you importune,
'Tis one you pick up at *Hypolito*'s,
Whom for a Month or two you follow cloſe,
And though enjoy'd by half the Town,
Keeps you at Diſtance with a Frown,
Till by *perſuaſive Preſents* gain'd,
The *mighty Victory*'s obtain'd;
And when you think your ſelf moſt happy,
'Tis ten to one, the Jade will Clap you.

Succeſſively

Succeſſively my Pleaſures move,
From Love to Wine, from Wine to Love:
Kindly each other they relieve,
And Change does double Pleaſure give:
Then againſt Wine be not inveterate,
Becauſe the other you are better at;
But uſe them both, and the Delight
Will prove your Friend is in the Right.

A SONG, By Henry Cromwel, Esq;.

I.

NO, no, I ne'r shall love thee less,
For all thy fierce Disdain,
So fast thy blooming Charms increase,
Thy sparkling Eyes my Heart oppress,
Each Glance renews my Pain.

II.

Yet must I, (Fate!) like busie Flies,
Still to thy Brightness turn;
Pursue thee with my restless Eyes,
Till, as each flaming Blush does rise,
Insensibly I burn.

An

An Invitation to the Musick Meeting: *By the same.*

I.

REturn, ah charming Nymphs! return
To your once-lov'd forsaken Plains;
Let us no more your Absence mourn,
But soon resume our pleasing Strains;
O'r all our useless Instruments unstrung,
No more your shining Beauties shall be sung:

II.

Come all ye Shepheards to our Groves;
'Tis here a Glance with ease imparts,
To the fair Object of your Loves,
The moving Stories of your Hearts;
Our Songs and Strings shall favour the Design,
And every Breast to Tenderness incline.

VERSES by Madam *Behn*, never before printed.

On a CONVENTICLE.

BEhold that Race, whence *England's* Woes proceed,
The Viper's Neſt, where all our Miſchiefs breed,
There, guided, by *Inſpiration*, Treaſon ſpeaks,
And through the Holy Bag-pipe *Legion* ſqueaks.

The Nation's Curſe, Religion's ridicule,
The Rabble's *God*, the Politicians *Tool*,
Scorn of the Wiſe, and *Scandal* of the Juſt,
The Villain's *Refuge*, and the Womens Luſt.

VERSE

VERSES *design'd by Mrs.* A. Behn, *to be sent to a fair Lady, that desir'd she would absent herself, to cure her Love. Left unfinish'd.*

IN vain to Woods and Deserts I retire,
To shun the lovely Charmer I admire,
Where the soft Breezes do but fann my Fire!
In vain in Grotto's dark unseen I lie,
Love pierces where the Sun could never spy.
No place, no Art his *Godhead* can exclude,
The *Dear* Distemper reigns in Solitude:
Distance, alas, contributes to my Grief;
No more, of what fond Lovers call, Relief
Than to the wounded Hind does sudden Flight
From the chast Goddesses pursuing Sight:

When in the Heart the fatal Shaft remains,
And darts the Venom through our bleeding
(Veins.
If I reſolve no longer to ſubmit
My ſelf a wretched Conqueſt to your Wit,
More ſwift than fleeting Shades, ten thouſand
(Charms
From your bright Eyes that Rebel Thought
(diſarms:
The more I ſtrugl'd, to my Grief I found
My ſelf in *Cupid*'s Chains more ſurely bound:
Like Birds in Nets, the more I ſtrive, I find
My ſelf the faſter in the Snare confin'd.

VENUS *and* CUPID.

VENUS.

CUpid, my darling *Cupid* and my Joy,
Thy Mother *Venus* calls come away,
(come away.

CUPID.

CUPID.

Alas! I cannot, I am at Play.

VENUS.

Fond Boy, I do command thee, haſte;
Thy precious Hours no longer waſte:
In Groves and Cottages you make abode,
Too mean a Condeſcention for a God!
On barren Mountains idly play,
For ſhame thou Wanton come away, come away!
All uſeleſs lies thy Bow and Darts,
That ſhould be wounding heedleſs Hearts:
The Swain that guards his Drove,
Alas! no Leiſure has for Love:
His Flocks and Heards are all his Joy,
Then leave the Shades and come away, come away.

CUPID.

Alas, what would you have me do?
Command and I'll Obedience ſhew.

VENUS.

Hye then to Cities and to Court,
Where all the Young and Fair reſort;
There try thy Power, let fly thy Darts,
And bring me in ſome noble Hearts,
Worthy to be by thee undone,
For here's no Glory to be won.

CUPID.

Miſtaken Queen, look down and ſee,
What Trophies are prepar'd for thee,
What glorious Slaves are deſtin'd me.

VENUS.

Now, by my ſelf, a Noble Throng;
How Fair the Nymphs, the Swains how Young!

No

No wonder if my little Loves
Delight and play in Shades and Groves.

CUPID.

Then, Mother, here I'll bend my Bow,
And bring you wounded Hearts enough.

VENUS.

My pretty Charming Wanton do.

Chorus.

'Tis thus we over Mortals reign,
And thus we adoration gain
From the proud Monarch to the humble Swain.

The Old Man's *Complaint*: *By Mr.* Wells.

AH, pity Love where e'r it grows!
See how in me it overflows,
In dripping Eyes and dropping Noſe.

So ſtrange a thing is ſeldom ſeen;
My Age is dull, my Love is keen;
Above I'm grey, but elſwhere green.

Aloof, perhaps I court and prate;
But ſomething near I would be at,
Tho' I'm ſo old I ſcarce know what.

The

The Maid's Answer.

For Shame your Green-wood Fires then ſmother,
You drop at one End, burn at t'other;
You'd have a Wife to ſpoil a Mother.

I pity much your Eyes o'rflowing;
But ſure the World muſt needs be going,
When Rheums and Rottenneſs run a woeing.

Then let Age make you ceaſe your chat;
And ſince you have forgot what's what;
Old Rats love Cheeſe, go conſtrue that.

By

Upon MARRIAGE:

An Epigram: By Dr. N.

UNhappy State! to thee, poor Man does owe
The loſs of Innocence and Being too.
Marriage alone brought in the Tempter *Eve*,
It was the Serpent Woman did deceive:
The Miſchief ſtill continues ſhe began,
For every Woman is an *Eve* to Man.

A SONG: By Mr. J. S. of the Middle Temple.

ALL Thoughts of Freedom are too late,
Not any new fair Lady's Art,
Nor both the *India's* Wealth nor Fate
Itſelf can diſengage my Heart.

Not, which kind Heaven forbid, your Hate
And that which follows, proud Diſdain
My Paſſion could at all abate,
But only make it laſt with Pain.

Thus all my Quiet does depend
On Hopes t'obtain a Smile from you;
That ſo my Love, that knows no end,
May laſt with equal Pleaſure too.

To

To SYLVIA, a SONG: By C. G.

I.

SYlvia, could your Eyes but see
The Wounds your killing Beauties give;
A Lover you might read in me,
Who, if you frown, disdains to live.

II.

But oh! the Artless *fair ones* know
No more, than Tongues or Eyes persuade:
Tongues that deceive, and Eyes that shew
Too often Love an Art is made,

III.

For a sincere and tender Passion:
Ah! how severe and hard a Fate!

That

That Faith's not known from Oaths for faſhion,
Nor naked Truth from gay-Deceit.

IV.

Soft as your balmy Breath's my Flame,
When ſtrugling Love breaks out in Sighs;
Immortal, as I'll make your Name,
And as bewitching as your Eyes.

V.

But hold, fond Swain! Ah! tell no more!
For Heav'n and the heav'nly fair
Their Favours on the Happy ſhow'r,
Leaving the Wretch ſtill to Deſpair.

To SYLVIA, *the* Meeting: *By the ſame.*

I.

GOds! when we meet how dull was I!
My Tongue, that us'd to move
So glibly on the *Theme* of Love,
Now, when 'twas real, lay motionleſs and ſtill;
Nor wou'd it to fair *Sylvia* tell,
The eager Pangs and Torments of my Mind:
But like a falſe deceitful Friend,
Officious in my Sun ſhine Day,
Profering his Service and his Coin,
(When he was here I wanted none)
But when I needed moſt, he prov'd moſt ſhy,
Leaving meSpeechleſs, when I'd moſt to ſay.

My

My very Fancy, and my Thoughts were flown,
So wholly was I loſt in unexpected Joy.

II.

All extream Joy in Silence reigns;
As Grief, when in exceſs
A fluent Tale proves either leſs,
The lighter Wounds of Fortune are made known
In formal Words, and mournful Tone:
But when ſhe deeper ſtrikes her Dart,
'Tis mute, and feſters in the Heart.
So leſſer Joy is noiſy, brisk, and gay,
Flows in full Tides of *Laugh*, and *Talk*,
Admits no ſilent Check or Balk:
But when ſo great as mine, the Senſe it chains.
Imperfect Words! a Sigh! a ſoft Careſs!
A trembling Body, and a raviſh'd Kiſs,
Was all the wondrous Language of m'unruly Joy.

III.

Ah ! if your only Preſence give
Such elevated Bliſs,
What Raptures and what Extaſies
Have you, bright *Sylvia*, yet in ſtore,
For the bleſt Man you love !
Too mighty ſure for Man's frail Senſe to bear,
Or to enjoy and *live !*
If but a gentle Touch ſuch Tranſports move,
What muſt Divine Fruition prove !
Encircl'd in thoſe tender Arms,
Diſſolving with thoſe melting Charms ;
And oh !—— on that ſoft panting Boſome (lye !
Sylvia that *Death*, grant Heaven and you, I dye.

The

The beginning of the First Satyr of *Persius* imitated.

The Prologue, to Dr. M---dly.

'TIs true, nor is it worth denial,
My Verse has never yet stood Tryal
Of *Poetick-Smiths*, that meet still,
At *Urwin Toms*, or *Urwin Will*'s;
(For thus, Sir, Modern Revolution
Has split the *Wits*, t'avoid Confusion,
And set up Brother against Brother,
That *they* mayn't clapper-claw each other.)
That I should think my self a Poet,
And vainly dare in Print to shew it:
I, who have never pass'd as yet
The Test of the mis-judging Pit,

Nor ith' Galleries tickl'd *Crowd*,
'Till they have clap'd and laugh'd aloud:
Nor from the tender Boxes e'r
Yet have drawn one pitying Tear:
Nor with *Sir Courtly*, *Roundelays*
Have made to garniſh out new Plays:
Nor *Virgil*'s great majeſtick Lines
Melted into enervate Rhimes:
Nor witty *Horace*, e'r did venture
To burleſque into modern *Banter*:
Nor gentle *Ovid* e'r did force
To *zounds a River for a Horſe*:
Nor ſharp *Juvenal*'s ſtronger Verſe,
Perverted into Dogrel Farce:
Nor ever durſt as yet preſume
To venture on a meer Lampoon:
Nor, in ſhort, few Words being beſt,
Ne'r yet could make a bawdy Jeſt.

I'll

I'll tell you then, ſince you'l needs know it,
Why I ſet up now for a Poet:
'Tis not for what moſt of *Us* write,
To fill my Purſe, or ſhew my Wit;
But purely out of Affection,
To fill up my Friend's Collection.
Therefore, ſweet Sir, in haſte, adieu t'ye,
For I'll adjourn now to my Duty.

The beginning of the Firſt Satyr of Perſius *imitated.*

Poet. OH the prepoſtrous Cares of Human (kind!
Which in each Action and each Wiſh we (find!
Friend. Prithee that *Cant* give o'r, or who will (read?
You preach as ſolemnly, as 'twere your Trade.

P. Speak you to me? *F.* To thee ſayſt? yes (egad ——
Why ſurely, *Jack*, thou 'rt abſolutely mad,
For none will on ſuch formal Verſes look,
But damn the Author, and deſpiſe the Book.

P. None, ſay you Sir? *F.* Or one or two at (moſt;
And is't not hard to've *All* your Labour loſt?
To have your Works on Bulks all duſty lye,
And *all* your Thoughts for want of Rea (ders dye?
Your precious Lines ſerv'd up to Nocks, (or Pye?

P. Miſtake not, Friend, I chaſe not empty (*Fame*,
Nor write to pleaſe the Town, or get a Name.
Let the *Vain Herd* of noiſy Wits, and (Beaux,
To whom they pleaſe their worthleſs (*Praiſe* diſpoſe,
It ne'r one Moment ſhall break my Repoſe.
Or what care I, if th'undiſcerning Town
Prefer dull *A*——to me, or *Perter Br*---*n*;

Let

Let *his* tagg'd Nonſenſe, *t'others Wilds* of Wit,
With Cits, and Boys ſtill fond Applauſes get:
But you, my Friend, ſteer a ſecurer Courſe,
And by the common Judgment ne'r form yours.
Moſt Men, by publick Vogue *condemn* or *praiſe*,
And never weigh the Merits of the Cauſe:
Let not that balance you to either Side,
By Wiſdom's *Nobler Rule* your Sentence guide.
Oh! that I could, ſpight of my beardleſs Youth,
With a *prevailing Force*, now urge the Truth!

Fr. Stay but a while, till Reverend Age comes on,
(Thy fleeting Years of Youth will ſoon be gone)
Then will grey Hairs on all thou ſay'ſt print Aw,
Authority with all thy Precepts go.
A dictatorial Youth does Envy draw,
Tho' from his Pen the nobleſt Truths do flow.

P. Oh! that's too long, I muſt before that Time
Laſh the vile Town with my Satyric Rhime.

F. That muſt not be——pray take a Friend's Advice.

P. Prithee no more, indeed thou'rt over-nice.
I can no longer hold, nor ſilent, ſee
Such numerous Pamphlets on each quarter fly,
Some in Proſe, and ſome in mightier Verſe,
Which each will daily to his Friends re-hearſe.
Here a *Pert Sot*, with ſix Months Pains brings forth
A ſtrange, miſhapen, and ridiculous Birth:
A glimps of Human Stamp it has, the reſt
Is Serpent, Fiſh, and Bird, but larger Beaſt:
In that odd Monſter *Horace* once deſign'd,
We may ſome *Method* and ſome *meaning* find,
Tho' *diffring* Parts, yet *diſtinct* Parts it had,
Tail of Fiſh, Horſes Neck, a Human Head.

Nor

Nor *Head*, nor *Tail*, nor *any Part* is here,
Through the whole Lump no certain *Forms* (*appear*:
'Tis *Chaos* all—Mark how the jarring Seed
Of illagreeing things, perpetual Diſcord breed!
Together huddled, now this, now that (prevails,
HOT Simile now, now *COLD* Winters (*Tales!*

More *pondrous GHESS*, with *lighter* (*BANTER* meets,
With claſhing Fury each the other greets;
MOIST ſpreading *Scandal*, with *DRY* (*Dulneſs* fights.

But oh! 't requires, this Mortal Strife to end,
A ſtronger Judgment, a diviner Mind,
Than his; for whatſoe'r the World may (think,
Pudding's his Food, and drowſy Mum his (drink:
For read his Trifles, and ſcarce in one Line
You'll find him guilty of the leaſt Deſign.

By

By the thick Fogs, which from his Diet riſe,
His Senſe is ſmother'd, and his Judgment dyes.
Well has he then the ſeven Sleepers grac'd
By yearly Sacrifice, and annual Feaſt,
For ſure his Studies are but Sleep at beſt:
And all the Town muſt needs be in a Dream,
When ſuch wild Ramblings got him ſome poor Fame.
But quitting now this poor Proſe Pamphleteer,
To mightier Verſe, I muſt my Veſſel ſteer.
But here the Chiming Fops ſo numerous grow,
And in ſuch various Follies dreſs'd they go,
'Twould be an endleſs Task to laſh 'em all,
And now I find my Muſe grows ſomething dull.
F. Enough for one time, ſure is one ſuch Fool.

On Affairs abroad, and K. William's *Expedition: By Mr.* Durfey.

CHurch-Scruples, and Jars,
Plunge all *Europe* in Wars,
Engliſh *Cæſar* eſpouſes our Quarrel,
Predeſtin'd to ſtand,
Againſt *Lewis le Grand*,
And wear his now flouriſhing Laurel.
The Cauſe that is beſt
Now comes to the Teſt,
For Heav'n will no longer ſtand neuter,
But pronounce the grand Doom,
For old *Luther*, or *Rome*,
And prevent all our Doubts for the future.
'Twould turn a wiſe Brain
To conſider what Pain
Fools take to become Politicians;

Fops,

Fops, Bullies and Cits,
All ſet up for Wits,
And ingeniouſly hatch new Diviſions:
Some ſhew their hot Zeal
For a new Common Weal,
And ſome for a new Reſtauration;
Thus we cavil and brawl,
Till the Monſieur gets all,
And beſt proves the Wit of the Nation:
Though we Medcines apply,
Yet the Fever ſwells high,
Firſt cauſed by a Catholick Riot,
Which no Cure can gain,
Till the breathing a Vein
Corrects the mad Pulſe into quiet.
Yet what e'r diſeaſe on our Country may chance
Let's drink to its healing condition,
And rather wiſh *Will.* were Victor in *France*,
Than *Lewis* were *England*'s Phyſician. *On*

On my Lord Fairfax: *By the late Duke of* Buckingham.

EPITAPH.

Under this Stone doth lye,
One born for Victory.

ELEGY.

FAirfax the valiant, and the only he,
Who e'r for that alone a Conqueror
(would be;
Both Sexes Vertues were in him combin'd,
He had the fierceneſs of the manlieſt Mind,
And all the meekneſs too of Womankind:
He never knew what Envy was, or Hate;
His Soul was fill'd with Worth, and Honeſty,
And with another thing beſides, quite out of date
Call'd Modeſty.
He ne'r ſeem'd impudent but in the Field, a place
Where Impudence it ſelf dares ſeldom ſhew
(its Face,
Had

Had any Stranger Spied him in a Room,
With ſome of thoſe whom he had overcome,
And had not heard their Talk, but only ſeen
Their Geſture and their Meen,
They would have ſwore he had the vanquiſh'd been;
For as they brag'd, and dreadful would appear,
Whilſt they their own ill luck in war repeated;
His Modeſty ſtill made him bluſh to hear,
How often he had them defeated.

II.

Through his whole Life the part he bore
Was wonderful and great;
And yet it ſo appear'd in nothing more
Than in his private laſt Retreat;
For 'tis a ſtranger thing to find,
One Man of ſuch a glorious Mind,
As can deſpiſe the Power he hath got;

Than

Than Millions of thoſe Polls and Braves,
Thoſe deſpicable Fools and Knaves,
Who ſuch a poother make,
Through Dulneſs and Miſtake,
In ſeeking after Power, and get it not.

III.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with Expence of Blood had bought
Store great enough he thought,
Of Fame and of Renown,
He then his Arms laid down,
With full as little Pride,
As if he had been on the Enemies Side.
He neither Wealth nor Places ſought,
For others (not himſelf) he fought,
He was content to know;
For he had found it ſo,

That

That when he pleas'd, to conquer he was able,
And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble.

IV.

He might have been a King,
But that he underſtood,
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjuſtly Great than honourably Good.
This from the World did Admiration draw,
And from his Friends both Love and Awe,
Remembring what he did in Fight before.
Nay, his Foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Becauſe he was reſolv'd to fight no more.
So bleſt of all he dy'd, but far more bleſt
(were we,
If we were ſure to live till we could ſee
A Man ſo great in War, in Peace ſo juſt as he.

FINIS.

32. BEHN (MRS. APHRA, and others). Miscellany Poems upon Several Occasions: Consisting of Original Poems, by The late Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Cowly, Mr. Milton, Mr. Prior, Mrs. Behn, Mr. Tho. Brown, &c. . . . with An Essay upon Satyr, By the Famous Mr. Dacier. 8vo, old calf. London, 1692

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